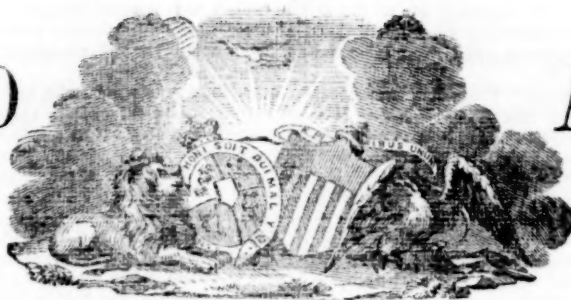


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## THERE WAS A TIME IN INFANCY.

There was a time in infancy, I well remember now,  
When seated on my mother's knee, with grave and thoughtful brow,  
I listen'd to some tale of heav'n, and spirits far away.  
Then clasp'd my little hands in hers, and both knelt down to pray!  
How tenderly she taught my lips to move in accents mild!  
How fervently she breath'd the hope that *He* would bless her child,  
When lonely, in a chilling world his way he should pursue,  
Without one heart to beat for him, affectionate and true!

And speaking thus, more tremulous, she would my arms entwine,  
And press her cheek bedew'd with tears still closer unto mine!  
With feelings hallow'd by commune, would fold me to her breast,  
And sing some touching melody to lull me to my rest!

Remember?—ay, that look of love can never be effaced,  
Though seasons long have flitted since the living lines I traced;  
In the visions of my early days, that ripper years pourtray.  
The mother's smile that bless'd me then will never pass away!

I see it when I wander 'midst the crowded walks of life,—  
It is my star of guidance through the shoals of mortal strife;  
Or, when secluded from the world, my thoughts are homeward bent,  
Amidst the forms that greet me there, an angel one is blent!

When shadows veil the brow of night mine eyes can tranquil close,  
While conscious that a wing of love doth shelter their repose;  
And when in dreamland borne away—endearingly and sweet  
Amidst the glories cluster'd there that gentle mien I greet.

Companion of my solitude! for such I deem thou art,  
Still, mother, to my pilgrimage thine influence impart;  
And cheer my spirit with the hope, although its eve be nigh,  
The smile that brighten'd in decline will herald it on high!

## A BALL AT A LUNATIC ASYLUM.

About two miles south of Edinburgh is situated the picturesque little village of Morningside, under the shadow of Blackford hill, where

"Lord Marmion stayed;  
For fairer scene he ne'er surveyed"

The known salubrity of this locality, which attracts many invalids to reside in it, induced the projectors of the Asylum for Lunatics, assisted by government, to erect it on the favoured spot. This institution consists of two edifices; one built some thirty years since, for the reception of invalids of the higher classes, and the other, a more extensive structure, for the reception of pauper patients. Within the asylum, these two establishments are denominated, from their situation, the East and the West departments. The system pursued in both is that of kindness and personal freedom, as far as is consistent with the safety of the inmate; the old method, which included strict discipline and restraint, being entirely abolished. Occupation and amusements take the place of listless and irksome personal bondage, and the results have been extremely beneficial. Among the most extraordinary, is that which allows of as many of the patients as may choose, to assemble every Thursday evening, and indulge in the exhilarating exercise of dancing. Favoured by an invitation, we attended one of these soirées; certainly the most interesting, instructive, but, moreover, sad-denning, we ever assisted at.

The night was somewhat dark, and as the gates of the asylum closed on us, and we drove along the thickly-hedged avenue which leads to the older mansion, a feeling of sadness and of dread could not be suppressed. The heavy pressure of ideas which are awakened by the sight of an abode of the insane, was not even lessened by the cheering lights which gleamed from the windows, or by the smiling faces which welcomed us on the threshold. Still, at every step, something occurred to dispel sombre thoughts. Habit and past experience induce us to associate with persons who have charge of the insane a certain degree of sternness, or, at the least, decision of manner and character. Indeed these were requisites for carrying out the old system of practice. But the first introduction to the officers of the Morningside establishment, by no means bore out this preconception. The suavity and placid politeness of the chief physician struck us at once as a guarantee of the mode in which the unhappy people under his care are treated. The immense responsibility which rests with him and his equally humane associates, appears to be worn with the lightness of a thorough confidence in the system, and in the orderly and proper behaviour of the inmates. Indeed, so far as we could observe and hear, the house had the appearance of a well-ordered gentleman's residence. Yet we afterwards learnt that much of it was managed by patients: for instance, the horse which brought, and the man who drove us, were handed over to the care and companionship of an insane groom.

As the soirées are held in the building devoted to the poorer classes, we were conducted through the grounds to the more humbly appointed, but much larger structure. The careful unlocking and locking of the doors of each gallery, as we entered and left it, was the only indication of restraint which we met with. This is necessary, to keep the various classes of patients within those parts of the building which are assigned for their residence; "though," said our guide, "we would do without locks if we could." Ascending a flight of stairs, we saw, by the bustle apparent at the end of a long gallery, that we were approaching the scene of festivity, and presently the opening of folding doors revealed the strange scene.

Around a large square apartment were ranged two rows of seats. On one

side females sat; on the other males. The end seats were occupied by the inmates of the "East Department," the musicians occupying benches in the midst. The instruments were a violin, played by a demented dancing-master, and a violoncello, the performer on which was also a patient. After taking the places allotted to us, a survey of the scene imparted a feeling of awe; and now, for the first time, one could appreciate the sentiment which is felt in the East for idiots and madmen.—[Mahomedans believe insanity to be rather an inspiration from above, than a misfortune; hence, persons afflicted with it are treated by the poorer classes with a respect almost amounting to reverence.]—It was, indeed, an awful sight to look round upon the staring or vacant faces by which we were surrounded. In fact it cost some effort to suppress a rising fear; for, to be enclosed within four walls with from a hundred and fifty to two hundred lunatics, seemed a situation not altogether devoid of peril. Nor was a detailed investigation of the company calculated to lessen the feeling. Though sitting quite close to each other, we could see but few conversing together; each appeared too much occupied with his or her own cogitations, to bestow time or attention on a neighbour. This was explained to us as more or less characteristic of all kinds of derangement. The insane are less communicative than the sane. Monomaniacs, in particular, have, as might be expected, a tendency to dwell upon the one subject on which they have gone wrong, until moved by some external cause. This was exemplified at the ball; for whenever a dance was announced, abstraction ceased in all capable of partaking of the amusement, and they rose on the instant to choose partners. Some, alas! were incapable of being roused; and the most painful contrast to the festivities, was that presented by the few patients who suffered under dementia or melancholia: they either gazed on vacancy, heeding nothing, and apparently seeing nothing, or sat with their faces buried in their hands, the pictures of despair.

Shortly after we were seated, a programme was placed in our hands, which, as it was printed within the establishment, and by the inmates, may be regarded as a curiosity:—

## "PROGRAMME OF THE CONCERT AND BALL."

"Reel. Song—'Yellow-haired laddie.' Song. Country Dance—'The Triumph.' Song—'Life is like a summer flower.' Reel. Comic Song—'Sandy Mc'Nab.' Song—'McGregor's Gathering.' Country Dance—'Petro-nella.' Finale—'Auld Langsyne.'"

Presently an attendant announced the reel; and where all had been hitherto quiet, all was now bustle. The men got up with alacrity, and crossing the floor to the women's side, selected their partners. It is remarkable that, although the same persons meet every Thursday throughout the year, few preferences are shown in the selection of partners. It is evidently a matter of indifference to himself with whom each individual dances. The choice is directed to whoever may be disengaged. Thus the rule of non-sympathy and non-communicativeness, which exists in all sorts of insanity, applies not only to those of the same sex, but to individuals of opposite sexes.

The order and precision with which the couples—perhaps to the amount of fifty—arranged themselves, could not have been exceeded in the most fashionable ball room. In scrutinising their faces, while waiting to commence the dance, we could not detect much that differed from what is seen in ordinary assemblies. On some there sat an expression of pleasurable expectation; others, again, appeared as much abstracted as when seated; and it became a matter of speculation whether they would be roused out of their reverie, so as to begin when the signal for starting was given; but the "band" struck up an inspiring reel, and at the end of the first eight bars, the whole of the dancers put themselves in motion, with the promptitude and regularity of a regiment of soldiers.

Spectators who, like ourselves, derive their knowledge of insanity from the old and scarcely exploded theories and systems of treatment, would have pronounced this exhibition as fraught with the most mischievous tendencies. Here were at least one hundred unfortunates, of both sexes, dancing with might and main, and undergoing all the unrestrained excitement which the most active of exercises is capable of creating. One would think that such an occupation, instead of having beneficial, would produce the worst effects; but experience has proved the reverse. Most of the dancers are monomaniacs, and to excite to frenzy an individual suffering under that malady, it is necessary to present to him the special object or idea on which he is mad; dancing, not being one of these, proves not only harmless, but, by diverting their thoughts and senses from the exciting cause of their malady, is a relief and a benefit. This in some measure accounts for the curious fact, that the same patients who are often noisy and obstreperous in their ordinary abodes in the asylum, behave with the utmost decorum at the soirées.

When the music ceased, the women retired to their seats alone; they were not, as is usual elsewhere, handed to them by their partners. The men also walked at once to the places they had before occupied. All was now silent. There was a sudden reaction, and the lull which followed appeared more fraught with danger than the previous excitement: the vulgar notion of violence associated with insanity, is not easily effaced from the spectator's thoughts, and at this sudden change—during the stillness which reigned throughout the apartment—one could scarcely help dreading that some of the maniacs would start up to do something eccentric or desperate. But no approach to an attempt of this kind took place. The excitement they had undergone showed no lasting effect upon them: the stimulant appeared to have acted, as it were, mechanically; for the moment it was withdrawn the patients returned to their ordinary condition. Still, it seems, the meetings are looked forward to with pleasure during the rest of the week. One unhappy inmate is so nearly in a state of dementia, that only two ideas exist within him—the ball on Thursdays, and the chapel on Sundays. Nor are the other patients so inattentive to the proceed-

ings between the dances as they seem. Later in the evening, one of the attendants happened to announce a country dance by mistake. In a minute there was a rustling of programmes, and more than a dozen voices, both male and female, exclaimed, "No, no; it's a reel—a reel!"

Partners were chosen for the country dance, and the "Triumph" was struck up with vigour by the violinist. The "figure" of this dance requires a little more attention than a reel; and the ex-dancing master eyed the proceedings with critical attention. When a top couple failed to lead off at the proper moment, he gave them the hint; and when everything was going on swimmingly, he seemed to enjoy the pastime as much as if he were capering himself. Of the dancers, it may be said that they performed the figures with, if not so much grace, quite as much correctness, as is seen in more fashionable assemblies. This, in some cases, was evidently the result of habit, for these balls have been continued for more than three years. One or two of the parties whilst they were not actually dancing, appeared totally unconscious of all that was going on around till the evolutions demanded their assistance, when, at the right moment, they began to dance as if some instinct, apart from the necessary attention, prompted them to do what was required. When a sign of hesitation was shown by one of the dancers, a neighbour, who, until that instant, may have appeared as if plunged in the depths of abstraction, gave him a monitory nudge, and, starting up from his dream, the latter began to join correctly in the evolution. It is evident, therefore, that the abstractions of insanity are more apparent than real; for, in the above instances, the patients, though seemingly so rapt, were manifestly attending not only to their own affairs, but to those of their neighbours. At the prescribed time the music ceased, the dancers resumed their seats, and the almost painful silence recurred.

This was broken by a new subject of attention. One of the attendants prepared to sing the comic song of Sandy McNab. Many of the patients laughed at the broader parts of the ditty, many apparently listened without laughing, whilst others laughed without either listening or looking at the singer. When he had finished he was much applauded, as he deserved to be. The songs of a serious cast were very pleasingly sung by another of the attendants, who is gifted with a voice of unusual sweetness. Some expressions of praise were emitted, even in the midst of one of the airs; and from a female patient near us, who had hitherto appeared pleased and cheerful, several deep sighs escaped. Perhaps the melody brought back broken recollections of happier days. Indeed the most saddening thing of all was, the involuntary but unsatisfied inquiry which arose in the spectators' thoughts on hearing an indication of that kind, as to what was likely to be passing in that diseased and troubled mind.

The figure of "Petronella" commences with a little waltzing, and in that, more than in any other department of the Terpsichorean art, the eccentricities of the patients were developed. One elderly person, in particular, displayed his agility by the most elaborate contortions and whirls; but what is remarkable, despite their complexity, he managed to bring them in to the time of the music. A tall and handsome young man, on the contrary, performed the figure with a condescending formality which formed a strong contrast to the proceedings of his elder companion. He, we understood, imagines himself to be an injured young nobleman. There are many striking examples of this sort of delusion amongst the inmates of the asylum. One declares herself to be Empress of the World, whilst another is content with the humbler supposition that she is Queen of England. With Petronella the ball closed, for Auld Langsyne was not sung.

In making—before leaving the room—a hasty retrospect of what we had seen, the first reflection which presented itself was, the extraordinary propriety and decorum of the whole proceedings. To say that the assembly was conducted as well as similar parties in ordinary life, would hardly be doing it justice; for, comparing this with other balls—especially those which are prolonged till after supper—we are justified in saying that we perceived fewer and less glaring inconsistencies committed by these unfortunate beings, than we have occasionally witnessed in the same world. This must be attributed mainly to the system of general treatment to which they are subject. They are daily in a state of comparative freedom, consequently the personal liberty enjoyed amidst an assemblage at a soirée is no novelty to them, and they do not abuse it. Yet it is a surprising spectacle. Nearly two hundred human beings, in an unfortunate condition of diseased reason and hardly accountable will, congregated, many of them joining in the dance, without one—even of the most insane—committing one glaring eccentricity! It does not appear that the invited guests are very exclusively selected for their peaceable demeanour; for, on a subsequent visit to the institution, we met with the energetic waltzer in an apartment set aside for the noisy patients. He was on this occasion singing a bass song amidst some half-dozen scarcely less quiet companions.

When the soirée was concluded, most of the assembly moved towards the door quietly. It is true they "stood not upon the order of going," but went without regularity. At the door there was for a minute a little crowding. In such a situation elsewhere, an accidental push, or the mere jostle, is apt to rouse in the party inconvenienced a transient anger; but here nothing of the kind occurred. The patients walked to their several galleries and apartments of their own accord, each group guided by an attendant. The poor creatures labouring under dementia and melancholia were obliged to be roused ere they attempted to move: they had not altered their attitudes of wretchedness during the entire evening, and were partially lifted from the seat before they could fully understand what was required of them. Each was led out by an attendant. They were brought upon the festive scene with a hope that it might distract them from their malady. But in the two cases we saw, no such effect was produced.

In a few minutes the room was untenanted, and we left it with feelings far less sad than those with which we entered it; for we had seen how much can be done under judicious management, if not always to cure, to alleviate the sufferings of the insane.

#### LORD MAHON'S LIFE OF CONDE.

This work was originally written in French, and in 1842 was printed for distribution among Lord Mahon's private friends. The approbation it received stimulated the writer to permit a wider circulation: the *Life of Conde* has been translated "under the superintendence and revision of the author;" and it is now included in Mr. Murray's "Colonial Library,"—forming not the least choice or valuable book of the series.

Save in a few peculiarities, (for some may scarcely consider them defects,) the *Life of Conde* may be praised as a very happy union of biography and history; an ample account of the life and character of the hero himself, and a sufficient narrative of the public events which had any bearing upon his fortunes. As Conde was employed in the principal military exploits of the age, and was constantly, as a prince of the blood and a leader of parties, engaged

in courtly and political intrigues, the administration of Mazarin and the wars of the Fronde form naturally a branch of the subject: and the reader will find a much completer and pleasanter view of this important period than he can elsewhere get in English.

The work teems, too, with anecdote and matter, drawn by careful reading and judicious selection from the memoirs of a century fertile in courtly autobiography, and presents as a matter of course many pictures of the manners of France under the reigns of Louis the Thirteenth and Louis the Fourteenth. Indeed, we suspect it is the best of Lord Mahon's works, from being best adapted to his genius: which has scarcely sufficient strength and comprehension for history, whilst his leanings are all conventional.

This is here shown in his estimate of his hero; for Louis de Bourbon Prince of Conde, surnamed the Great, was in reality only great after the fashion of Louis le Grand. His heart, by nature, seems to have been as hard and coarse as the English Colonel Kirke's. Like Kirke, too, he had the jocularly of an unfeeling and vigorous mind; but, having also all the overweening pride and idea of dignity which belonged to the princes of the old regime, he wanted the manner of humanity of the Commandant of Tangier. An amusement of his boyhood was putting out the eyes of sparrows; for which, and similar pleasantries, his father a servile courtier but a good natured man, used to have him "cruelly whipped,"—without other effect than hardening him. On the evening of the second day's battle of Fribourg, Turenne was touched by the sight of the dead and dying; but his emotion only drew from the Bourbon a heartless jest, at once brutal and obscene. Going to visit Chavigni, the Governor of the Bastille, on his deathbed, Conde professed to be much touched at his state; but immediately on leaving the dying man, amused himself by mimicking the contortions of his agony. Towards the close of his rebellion against Mazarin and the Queen, feeling greatly dissatisfied with the Parliament of Paris, he organized a body of ruffians to assail the house and assassinate his opponents; a scheme which failed as regarded his object, but many hundred men were killed in the assault and defence. Ingratitude to partisans is a common charge against leaders of factions, since who can gratify all claimants? and in this point Conde is perhaps no worse than others: but his treatment of his wife exhibits a mind lost to all sense of principle, shame, or gratitude. For his early neglect and prodigality it may be pleaded that it was a marriage of interest, forced upon him by his father; and the pride of princely blood in the great Conde looked upon the daughter of the house of Breze, distinguished in the Crusades, and the niece of Richelieu, as a degrading match. When Mazarin had arrested Conde, his brother, and brother-in-law, and contemplated a surveillance of his mother and Claire Clemeence de Maille his wife, that incomparable woman escaped the messengers, traversed a considerable part of France, fort and garrisoned the family castle of Montroind, joined the army of the Dukes De Bouillon and De la Rochefoucauld, and by the influence of her prudence, gentleness, and virtues over the inhabitants of Bourdeaux, enabled the Frondeurs to stand the siege of that city, and finally extort terms from Mazarin. At a later period, when Conde was liberated, her influence neutralized as far as possible the anger raised in the same town by his pride and military disregard of civil rights. Yet all this had no permanent effect upon the brutal mind of Louis de Bourbon. Hearing she was grievously ill at Bourdeaux, through her exertions and anxieties in his cause, he set about scheming another marriage, without even waiting to hear of her death. After she had left her friends and country to join him in his banishment, he forbade her presence, whilst occupying his leisure in disgraceful amours. Nearly twenty years later, the old ruffian broke out; he procured from the King a *lettre de cachet* to confine Clemeence for life—trumping up a scandalous charge that she had been faithless with a lackey and a page. During his life he was noted for irreligion. The year before his decease, at the age of sixty four, he became a convert; and on his deathbed, according to Bossuet, "he had the Psalms ever on his lips, and faith always in his heart." It is evident he placed no reliance upon the Popish doctrines of good works; for he took no steps to withdraw a letter written to the King to be delivered after his death, begging him to continue his wife's imprisonment—with which Louis the Fourteenth was base enough to comply; and that ill requited woman was immured for nearly a quarter of a century, till death relieved her in 1694. His son was "a chip of the old block." He is supposed to have advocated the imprisonment of his mother, lest he should have to give up an income he derived from her estate; and he rather improved upon the marital behaviour of "the Great Conde," being accustomed to beat and kick his wife.

The civil abilities of Conde were mean to a degree. The want of a sound middle class, the existence of Parliaments rather as sort of aristocracy of the robe than as an estate of the realm, and the spirit of servile loyalty which pervaded France more as a superstition than a prejudice, rendered it perhaps impossible then to establish a regulated liberty. The national hatred to Mazarin and the Queen Regent, the high military reputation of Conde, and his influence as a prince of the blood, gave him the opportunities of seizing the Regency for himself, and (had he been able) of ruling France to her great advantage; confirming, perhaps extending her institutions, and preparing her for the freedom of a future day. But Conde was incapable of attaining the ends of the vulgar civil ambition. Unable to take a view, he was unable to form a plan; nor would he follow one suggested to him. His military and princely pride offended and insulted the Parliaments; his violence of temper mortally affronted the Queen and the courtiers; his fickleness or treachery rendered experienced men unwilling to rely upon him; and his league with Spain outraged the national feelings; so that his revolt merely drove him into solitary exile.

Upon his merits as a soldier it would be presumptuous to speak after the praises of Turenne and Napoleon. Yet there is point, and some gleams of truth amid all its exaggeration, in the diatribe of Paul Louis Courier:—

"I am ready to believe, since everybody says it, that there is an art in war; but you must acknowledge that it is the only one which requires no apprenticeship. It is the only art one knows without ever having learnt it. In all others study and time are requisite: one begins by being a scholar; but in this one is at once a master; and if one has the least talent for it, one accomplishes one's chief d'œuvre at the same time with one's coup d'essai.... A young prince of eighteen (twenty-two) posts down from the court, gives a battle, gains it, and then he is a great captain for the rest of his life, and the greatest captain of the world."

"This, however, we will say," that in his earliest years Conde appears to have been a mere soldier of force, relying upon vigorous attack and dogged persistence in it; which, opposed to Germans and Spaniards and seconded by French valour, was successful, but if it failed, involved total destruction to his army. With years and experience he acquired more strategy and caution; but his mind was bounded by the battle field; and he did not think of the political consequences that might flow from the loss of men in a bootless victory, because he seems to have been incapable of seeing them. At Gien, on the turn-



ing crisis of his life—for France was possibly in his grasp as the result of a victory—he was baffled and beaten by Turenne with half an army—according to Napoleon, four thousand men to twelve thousand; and, according to the same authority, he failed by not being “on that day sufficiently daring.”

The Great Conde, like the Great Duke, had a wretched opinion of the Spaniards. James the Second, when Duke of York and serving with the Spanish army and Conde, remarked upon a neglect. “Ah!” said Conde, “you do not know the Spaniards; to see defects in war, you must serve a campaign with them.” Here again we have them attempting to relieve Dunkirk, where their defeat settled the war.

“On arriving within sight of the Downs, Don John called together a council of war, to deliberate upon the means of saving the town. Conde maintained that there was but one course to take—to encamp between the canals of Furnes and Hundscotte; to await in this post, where it would be impossible for Turenne to attack them, their artillery and the rest of their forces; and meanwhile to harass the enemy and cut off their foraging parties. Don John proposed, on the contrary, to advance between the Downs, as near as possible to the French lines. ‘But,’ said the Prince to him, ‘we shall hardly be engaged among those banks of sand, ere the enemy will leave their camp and attack us. And they will have great advantage over us: the post which you wish to occupy is only favourable to the infantry; and the French is the most numerous and warlike.’ ‘But, I,’ replied Don John, haughtily, and quoting the events at Valenciennes, ‘I am persuaded that they will not even dare to look at the army of his Catholic Majesty!’ ‘Ah!’ answered Conde, ‘you do not know M. de Turenne; faults are not committed with impunity before so great a man.’ Don John was silenced, but persisted in his plan, and resolved, as General-in-chief, to have it carried into execution.

“Accordingly, on the next day, the 14th of June, the Spanish army ventured on the Downs along the coast; it was about 14,000 strong. Turenne on his side had 22,000 men; but he left 6,000 to guard the lines before Dunkirk, and advanced with the others to profit by the error of the Spaniards and give them battle. Conde was the first to see the movement of the French; he advanced at full gallop to reconnoitre their order and their plans, and then immediately went to apprise Don John. The confidence of the Spanish General did not forsake him; he maintained to the Prince that Turenne could have no other project than to skirmish with their advanced guard. Without making any further objection, Conde turned to the young Duke of Gloucester, (the exiled son of Charles the First,) and asked him if he had ever yet seen a battle? ‘No,’ replied the Duke. ‘Well, then,’ continued Conde, ‘in half an hour from this time you will see one lost!’”

It may be as well to add to this notice, that Conde was born in 1621; gained the battle of Rocroy in 1643; and died in 1686. Traced upwards for a few generations, his paternal ancestor was a brother of Henri Quatre: in the moat of the fortress of Vincennes, where the “Great Conde” had been long imprisoned, his race was virtually extinguished, on the 22d March, 1804, by the “worse than a crime” of Napoleon Bonaparte.

### THE EVIL EYE.

One of the many superstitions generally observed in the inhabitants of Mahometan countries is the supposed influence of the evil eye; and the following is a curious instance of the strong hold it had taken on a Turk of some education, together with a series of misfortunes arising, in his opinion, entirely from the so-much-dreaded infliction.

During England's last war with the Sublime Porte, I served in one of our large frigates stationed in the Archipelago; we were cruising in the north-east part of that sea, and cut out from her anchorage under the beautifully-wooded island of Thasso one of those clumsy, ill-constructed vessels called “Chetel mé,” built in the Black Sea, shaped like a crescent, the bow and stern alike and rigged with an enormous sprit-sail, with square top-sail. This craft was 156 tons, loaded with the mild light-coloured tobacco which the Turks so much delight in, and bound to Constantinople.

The cargo being valuable, our Captain decided on sending the prize to Malta and I was put on board, with a Quarter-Master and eight seamen, to navigate her. The Turkish Captain, a handsome, intelligent man, with two active Greeks, the one his Mate and the other his Clerk, were left with me to afford the evidence necessary for her condemnation before the Admiralty Court in Malta. My new Mahometan messmate spoke a little “lingua franca,” and informed me that, serious as his loss would be from the capture of his vessel the misfortune was not unexpected, inasmuch as he had detected a rascally Frank putting her on paper,—that he had evidently much admired and consequently placed his evil eye upon her, for doing which he most devoutly hoped that both his father's and his mother's graves would be particularly and especially defiled. In the mean time, however, “Sheitan!” would be extremely busy with her, and he was convinced I should never be enabled to take her to Malta. For himself, it was his Kismet (his fate). God was great—Mahomet his prophet; and he, in his own person, perfectly resigned to all the host of evils he expected would alight upon the doomed Chetel mé.

The frigate, after using us for some days as a decoy-duck, by chasing us when vessels were seen close in shore—and in this manner we captured two—conveyed us to Ipsera, when she left me, with orders to put my large deck load of tobacco on board a Greek merchant ship then bound to Malta, after which I was to make the best of my way there with my unhandy charge.

During the previous five nights that we had been at sea, very little sleep had fell to my share. I was much fatigued; and having given the first watch to the Second Master, seen that both himself and his four sailors were well armed, and the prisoners secured, I, about half past nine, crept into the upper one of five tiers of poop cabins (the other four being full of bales of tobacco), and was soon insensible to the attacks of all various kinds of vermin usually found to accompany the true believers.

My place of anchorage was close to the only town that Ipsera boasted of, and near several Greek merchant-ships, one, a large polacca belonging to Hydra, having made preparations for getting under weigh before dark. The islanders were friendly to the English, and I had no apprehensions beyond the usual doubt of Grecian honesty.

The sight, however, of so much of the fragrant weed as my deck-load exposed, was too great a temptation for my Hydraote neighbours to withstand, and at eleven her large boat, with about twenty men in her, after weighing their ship's anchor, made a dash at the Chetel mé.

I found myself shaken violently by the shoulder, and heard the Second Master with a loud voice say, “Jump up, sir, for God's sake—the Greeks have boarded us!”

A Turkish sabre and a brace of English pistols were my bed-fellows, and hastily scrambling out of my narrow den with them, I found abundant occupa-

tion both for head and hand. The Greeks had possession of the midships, the five Englishmen of the watch of the after part, and the other four, whose watch was below, being roused by the noise, were standing with their backs to the windlass.

The moon showed herself at times as the clouds drifted past; and just as I had found room to stand upright, the Greeks made a rush aft, and the English cutlasses soon crossed the Eastern sabre. I sang out for the men forward to rally aft, which they did manfully, and as pretty a nocturnal row began as any frequenter of Donnybrook fair in its best days could have wished to see.

Our separate parties soon joined, and step by step (or, I should rather say, bale by bale) the Greeks gave way until they reached the starboard bow, where their boat was, and into which they jumped as fast as possible.

My ill-fated second in command was close to me as we were cutting at the retreating foe, and though I knew he was wounded, I supposed him able to take care of himself. After firing at the pirates as long as we could see the boat, I called my crew aft to muster, when the eight seamen made their appearance, nearly all more or less wounded, but none dangerously; poor Stewart the Quarter Master was nowhere to be found, and various were the conjectures as to his probable fate. All remained on deck till day-light, when I sent a message to the Greek primates, informing them of the outrage, and threatening them with the frigate's vengeance if they did not discover the perpetrators.

In a short time a fishing boat came alongside, and her owner informed me that he had just seen the body of a stout English sailor lying partly in the water on the beach of a small sandy bay about a mile from us, and there I found the remains of the brave fellow; several deep stabs were in his chest, and on his throat the marks of the thumb and finger of a left hand, which had seized him with such Herculean grasp that the thumb had penetrated the skin and been thrust behind the wind-pipe; doubtless he had been seized by one of the retreating Greeks when stooping over the box, (in which attitude I had last seen him,) and pulled into the boat, the deadly gripe on his throat preventing his calling for assistance; it was no chicken hand that did it, for Stewart was in the prime of life, above six feet in height, and one of the most powerful men in the ship. Here was another sad instance of the influence of the evil eye, confirming the Turkish Captain still stronger in his opinion that the imps of “Sheitan” would never permit us to reach Malta.

In a few days I had transferred all the tobacco on deck to the Greek ship; the frigate arrived, and after in vain attempting to get a clue to the murderers, she towed my slow unwilling craft, like a large sulky pig, all through the Archipelago, and having seen us clear of Candia with a fresh breeze abeam, returned to her cruising ground, and I shaped my course for Malta.

About eleven p. m. the breeze freshened, and shortly after the watch discovered that she had sprung a serious leak, and thought water could be heard rushing in on the larboard quarter; I immediately had the after-hatch off, and enough of the cargo thrown overboard to enable us to reach the leak, which we found was the after-butt of a long shift of plank which had started from its bent position in her run; a bight of a rope was got round it, and hove on by a Spanish windlass. Knowing how badly vessels of this kind were fastened, I stationed a man to watch the other end of the plank, which he soon declared was starting also, when we of course desisted from hauling on the after end; and seeing the folly of attempting to proceed on my voyage, I put her head towards the Archipelago, intending to take her to Milo if she could be kept above water. All hands baling just kept the leak from increasing, and we hoped ere long to get her into smooth water; but, alas! as we neared Candia the wind headed us, we could not weather Cape Spada, and there was but little chance of beating her round; this was tried, however, for three days, when my crew, and also indeed the prisoners, being almost worn out, I proposed to run her on shore but the Turk dissuaded me, by saying the population of that part of Candia were the refuse of the Ottoman Empire, and a watery grave was decidedly preferable to a trust in their tender mercies. We consequently persevered; at length a shift of wind took us round the Cape, and on the seventh morning after parting with the frigate, arrived in Milo. Here, after stopping the leak with chopped straw and mud, I thought our troubles over, but the Turk thought differently; he said the influence of the evil eye would still pursue us. In a few days the Greek, who acted as English Consul, and indeed was the same who was afterwards killed in the battle of Navarino as pilot of (I believe) the Admiral's ship, advised me to be on my guard, for he feared some boats from the neighbouring island of Argentierra would attack us, most probably in the morning, when, under the guise of fishermen, they would hope to approach us unsuspected; and so they did three separate days, but without ever getting alongside. The last time, our sails were loose to dry, and some of the paper cartridge from one of the four guns the craft had, (old, honeycombed, and with touch-holes into which you could put your finger,) set the mainsail on fire, and we were obliged to cut the jack-stay, and let the enormous sprit fall overboard with the sail, and thus extinguish the fire.

The next day a prize of the Herald's, with a Mate and eight men, put in, having sprung a leak on her voyage to Malta. This reinforcement made us so strong for the Argentierra speculators, and we remained in peace until the frigate arrived, when our Captain gave my charge up to the representative of His Britannic Majesty, the afore-mentioned Consul, directing him to get rid of the vessel and cargo in the best way he could, and I was delighted to get away from such a victim of misfortune. As I shook hands with my friend the Turkish Skipper, he said, “What do you think now of the evil eye?—Did I not foresee that you would never take my vessel to Malta?”

### SACRED AND LEGENDARY ART.

BY MRS. JAMESON.

MARY MAGDALENE.—(Concluded.)

I now leave these scriptural incidents, to be more fully considered hereafter, and proceed to the fourth class of subjects pertaining to the life of the Magdalen—those which are taken from the wild Provencal legends of the 13th and 14th centuries.

“La Danse de la Madeleine” is the title given to a very rare and beautiful print by Lucas v. Leyden. It represents Mary Magdalen abandoned to the pleasures of the world. The scene is a smiling and varied landscape; in the centre Mary Magdalen, with the anticipative glory round her head, is seen dancing along to the sound of a flute and a tambourine, while a man in a rich dress leads her by the hand: several groups of men and women are diverting themselves in the foreground, and in the background Mary Magdalen, with a number of gay companions, is chasing the stag: far in the distance, she is seen borne upwards by the angels. This singular and suggestive composition is dated 1519.

Mary Magdalen rebuked by her sister Martha for her Vanity and Luxury,

has been gracefully treated in a picture, by Giovanni Lopicino (1620), now in the Vienna Gallery. She is seated at her toilette; her maid is binding her luxuriant hair; Martha, standing by, appears to be remonstrating with great fervour. There is a pretty picture by Elisabetta Sirani (1625) of the same scene, similarly treated.

'Mary Magdalen conducted by her sister Martha to the Feet of Jesus,' has been designed by Raphael, and painted by Campagna and others. In all those I have seen, the two sisters are ascending the steps of the Temple, and our Saviour is seated above. In a picture by Frederic Zuccheri (engraved by Caprioli) she is kneeling at the feet of the Saviour, who is seated in the portico of the Temple. Martha, veiled, stands near her, and there are numerous spectators and attendant figures. 'The Magdalen renouncing the Vanities of the World,' is also a very attractive subject. In a picture by Guido she has partly divested herself of her rich ornaments, and is taking some pearls from her hair, while she looks up to heaven with tearful eyes. There is an exquisite little picture by Gerard Douw, in which the Magdalen, in a magnificent robe of crimson and saffron, is looking up to heaven with an expression of sorrow and penitence. The table before her is covered with gold and jewels. In a sketch by Rubens, in the Dulwich Gallery, she is seated in a forest solitude, still arrayed in her worldly finery, blue satin, pearls, &c. and wringing her hands with an expression of the bitterest grief. The treatment, as usual with him, is coarse, but effective. In his large picture at Vienna, with the figures life-size, Mary is spurning with her feet a casket of jewels, and throwing herself back with her hands clasped in an agony of penitence; while Martha sits behind, gazing on her with an expression so demurely triumphant as to be almost comic. 'Mary Magdalen renouncing the World,' was painted by Le Brun for the Church of the Carmelites at Paris, and is now in the Louvre. It is said to be the portrait of Madame de la Valliere, by whose order it was painted. In a picture painted by Franceschini she has flung off her worldly ornaments, which lie scattered on the ground, and holds a scourge in her hand, with which she appears to have castigated herself; she sinks in the arms of one of her attendant maidens, while Martha, standing by, seems to speak of peace, and points towards heaven: the figures are life-size. None of these pictures are of remarkable merit, and this subject, which is capable of the most beautiful and effective illustration, has never yet, to my knowledge, been treated as it deserves.

In the Florence Gallery, a picture by Curradi represents the embarkation of the Magdalen, with Martha, Lazarus and others. 'Mary Magdalen preaching to the People of Marseilles,' is one of a series of bas-reliefs ornamenting the porch of the Certosa, near Pavia. She has merely a skin round her loins, and her long hair flows over her person.

'Mary Magdalen borne upwards in the Arms of Angels above the Summit of Mount Pilon,' is a frequent subject, and was very early a popular one. It is sometimes called the 'Assumption of the Magdalen.' The treatment varies little: she is seen carried upwards, veiled only by her long redundant hair, sometimes by four, or five, or six angels; one of the angels bears the alabaster box of ointment; below is a wild, mountainous country, with a hermit looking up, as in the legend. There is a curious old picture by one of the Vivarini (1451-1490), now in the Berlin Gallery, in which she is seen veiled from head to foot in her long tresses, and borne upwards by angels: a nun (the donor of the picture) kneels below. In a fine wood-cut by Albert Durer, she is seen ascending in an upright position, with clasped hands, undraped, except by her hair; two little angels are at her feet, and four above. There is a fine large modern print after Giulio Romano, or one of his school, in which she is reclining amid clouds, and sustained by a multitude of angels; while her head is raised and her arms outstretched with the most ecstatic expression. We have the same subject by Montagna (1490), by Ribera, by Zuccheri, by Cambiasi, by Alonzo Cano, by Carlo Maratti, by Lanfranco: it appears to have been a favourite subject among the painters of the 17th century. The most modern representation is in sculpture: the marble altar-piece of the Church of the Madeleine is a group, life-size, of the Magdalen, borne upwards by three angels, while two archangels kneel on either side, adoring.

'The Last Communion of the Magdalen' has been painted by Domenichino: angels minister to her. We have 'The Magdalen Expiring,' by Rustichino, in the Florence Gallery; and in Mr. Hope's collection there is a half-length figure of a dying Magdalen, attributed to Correggio. Rubens and others have painted the same subject. In sculpture we have the well-known 'Dying Magdalen,' by Canova, which has the same merits and faults as his 'Penitent Magdalen,' already described.

Martha has shared in the veneration paid to her sister, and as the latter was the patroness of repentant frailty, so the former was the especial patroness of female discretion and good housekeeping. In this character she is often represented with a skimmer or ladle in her hand, or a large bundle of keys attached to her girdle. For example, in a beautiful old German altar-piece in the Queen's collection, attributed to Albert Durer, she is standing in a magnificent dress, a jewelled turban, and holding a well-known implement of cookery in her hand. In Henry the Eighth's Missal, in the Bodleian, she is represented with the same implement, and her name inscribed beneath. In general, however, her dress is not rich but homely; and her usual attributes as patron saint are the pot of holy water and the asperge in her hand, and a dragon bound in a halter at her feet. According to the Provencal legend, while Mary Magdalene converted the people of Marseilles, Martha preached to the people of Aix and its vicinity. In those days the country was ravaged by a fearful dragon called the Tarasque, which, during the day, lay concealed in the River Rhone. Martha overcame this monster by sprinkling him with holy water, and having bound him with her girdle (or, as some say, her garter), the people speedily put an end to him. The scene of this legend is now the city of Tarascon, where there is, or was, a magnificent church dedicated to St. Martha, and richly endowed by Louis XI. I need hardly observe that, we have here one version of the perpetual allegory of the conquest of sin and idolatry by spiritual arms; of this, the Dragon slain, vanquished, or chained, was the common symbol, so applied in Holy Writ, and not subject to misapprehension in the earliest times. But, as the cloud of ignorance and barbarity darkened and deepened, the symbol was translated into a fact. The Dragons introduced into early painting and sculpture so invariably represent a gigantic winged crocodile, that it is presumed there must have been some common origin for the type, and that this may have been some fossil remains of the Saurian species is considered probable. I have read somewhere, that at Aix a large fossilized crocodile's head was for a long time preserved as the head of the identical dragon subdued by St. Martha. \* But to return.

\* St. Jerome relates that in his time were seen the bones of the sea monster to which Andromeda was exposed; probably some fossil remains, which in the popular imagination were thus accounted for.

St. Martha—besides being a model of female discretion, sobriety, and chastity, and the patroness of good housewives—was, according to the old legends, the same woman who was healed by Christ (Matt. c. ix. v. 20), and who, in gratitude, erected to his honour a bronze statue, which statue is said to have been thrown down by Julian the Apostate.

Lazarus, the brother of Martha and Mary, is revered as the first bishop and patron saint of Marseilles. He is generally represented with the mitre and stole: there are at least fifty saints who wear the same attire; but when a figure in episcopal robes is introduced into the same picture, or the same series, with Martha and Mary, it may be presumed, if not otherwise distinguished, to be Saint Lazarus—sometimes, but rarely, the introduction of a bier, or his resurrection, in the background, serve to fix the identity. Grouped with these three saints, we occasionally find Saint Marcella (or Martilla) who accompanied them from the East, but who is not distinguished by any attribute; nor is anything particular related of her, except that she wrote the life of Martha, and preached the Gospel in Slavonia.

There are beautiful full length figures of Mary, Martha, Lazarus, and Marcella, in the Brera, at Milan, painted by one of the Lomi School, and treated in a very classical and noble style, draped, and standing in niches to represent statues. At Munich are the separate figures of Mary, Martha, and Lazarus, by Gruenewald. Lazarus is seen standing by his bier; Mary, in the rich costume of a German lady of rank, presents her vase; and Martha is habited like a German *hausfrau*, with her dragon at her feet. They are much larger than life, admirably painted, and full of character, though somewhat grotesque in treatment.

#### St. Mary of Egypt.

This saint is so often confounded with Mary Magdalene, both in her personal and pictorial attributes, that I shall notice her here. She is said to have lived in the fourth century, and her story is told at length by St. Jerome.

She was a woman of Alexandria, who in the infancy of her life far exceeded Mary Magdalen. After passing seventeen years in every species of vice, it happened that, one day, while roving along the sea-shore, she beheld a ship ready to sail, and a large company preparing to embark; she inquired whither they were going? They replied that they were going up to Jerusalem, to celebrate the feast of the true Cross. She was seized with a sudden desire to accompany them, but having no money, she paid the price of her passage by selling herself to the sailors and pilgrims, whom she allured to sin by every means in her power. On their arrival at Jerusalem, she joined the crowds of worshippers who had assembled to enter the church; but all her attempts to pass the threshold were in vain; whenever she thought to enter the porch, a supernatural power drove her back in shame, in terror, in despair. Struck by the remembrance of her sins, and filled with repentance, she humbled herself, and prayed for help; the interdiction was removed, and she entered the church of God, crawling on her knees. Thenceforward she renounced her wicked and shameful life, and, buying at a baker's three small loaves, she wandered forth into solitude, and never stopped or reposed till she had penetrated into the deserts beyond the Jordan, where she remained in severest penance, living on roots and fruits, and drinking water only; and her garments dropped away in rags piecemeal, leaving her unclothed; and she prayed fervently not to be left thus exposed, and suddenly her hair grew so long as a form a covering for her whole person (or, according to another version, an angel brought a garment from heaven). Thus she dwelt in the wilderness, in prayer and penance, until, after the lapse of forty-seven years, she was discovered by a priest, named Zozimus. Of him she requested silence, and that he would return at the end of a year, and bring with him the elements of the holy sacrament, that she might confess and communicate, before she was released from earth. And Zozimus obeyed her, and returned after a year; but not being able to pass the Jordan, the penitent, supernaturally assisted, walked over the water to him; and, having received the sacrament with tears, she desired the priest to leave her once more to her solitude, and to return in a year from that time. And when he returned he found her dead, her hands crossed on her bosom. And he wept greatly; and, looking round, he saw written in the sand these words:—"O, Father Zozimus, bury the body of the poor sinner, Mary of Egypt! Give earth to earth and dust to dust, for Christ's sake!" He endeavoured to obey this last command, but being full of years, and troubled and weak, his strength failed him, and a lion came out of the wood and aided him, digging with his paws till the grave was sufficiently large to receive the body of the saint; which being committed to the earth, the lion retired gently, and the old man returned home, praising God, who had shown mercy to the penitent.

Prints and pictures of St. Mary of Egypt are not common, and I have not found any representation of her earlier than the end of the 15th century. In single figures she is portrayed as a meagre, wasted, aged woman, with long hair, and holding in her hands three small loaves. Sometimes she is united with Mary Magdalen, as joint emblems of female penitence. Thus they stand together in a little rare print by Marc Antonio, the one distinguished by her vase, the other by her three loaves.

In the church of San Pietro and San Giorgio, at Cremona, there is a large picture by Malosso, of St. Mary of Egypt repulsed from the Temple at Jerusalem.

I have seen a picture, I think by Ribera and in the Spanish Gallery of the Louvre, which represents Mary of Egypt on her knees and an angel descending with a white garment to clothe her.

The first meeting of St. Mary and Zozimus has also been painted by Ribera. In this picture, which is in the Spanish Gallery of the Louvre, her hair is grey and short, her form meagre and sun-burnt, and she is clothed in rags. There is an engraving after Titian, representing St. Mary of Egypt receiving the last sacrament from the hand of Zozimus. The picture is unknown to me.

A female saint doing penance in the desert, who has no book, no skull, no vase, no scourge near her, with little or no drapery and long tangled hair, sometimes grey, sometimes black, may be presumed to represent St. Mary of Egypt, and not the Magdalen, however like in situation and sentiment.

#### "BOTHERATIONS OF WOMEN!"

A new correspondent, "JOE MILLER, JR.," discourses to some purpose upon 'The Botherations of Women;' albeit he has rather over-elaborated his exordium, as well as a few of his illustrations. He contends that there is no man, bachelor or Benedict, ancient or juvenile, who can lay his hand on his heart and say, that since he wore his first long-tailed coat, 'the whole sex, from the 'help' in his mother's kitchen to the girls at meeting, and from them up to the young ladies who play the piano,' have not been a constantly-going-on, a never-ending and out-and-out Botheration. We are presented with a 'sample' of our sex, as an embodied and 'fixed fact' in this regard. While shaving in the morning, his thoughts dwelling the while upon the



young lady with whom he flirted last evening, he starts (and cuts a gash in his cheek) at sight of a beautiful damsel at an opposite window, who is watering flowers; 'now bending down to pick out a decayed leaf, and now lifting her sweet face, blooming with health, to look after some stray "morning glory" which her small white hand would "train up in the way it should go." Breakfast over, he hurries down Broadway to the marts of trade, and scuds like a business-man through crowded streets, on 'change, and in all public places, his thoughts distracted and his calculations spoiled by the apparition of some daughter of Eve, who has chanced to trip past him in all the witchery of loveliness; beautiful alike in face and figure; her elegant dress swelling round her person after the latest fashion; with one hand deposited in a side pocket, her face cast down, innocently and gracefully sucking the knob on the end of her sun-shade, or biting with her small white teeth its ivory ring. Who could resist attractions like these? In an instant his thoughts steal from art to nature. Notes, discounts, purchases and sales, flee from his excited brain. All the joys of a happy home rise before him—a fond wife and merry children. And now Fancy runs over a space of twenty years; and in his mind's eye he sees a long train of beautiful daughters, all walking the streets, sucking the knobs of future parasols in the same graceful manner as the beauty who has just passed him.—'It is a curious fact,' says Mr. Miller, jr., 'that although the whole sex have conspired together for one object, they have yet various methods of operation, all tending to the same grand result—botheration. There are some of the softer sex, of an amiable turn of mind, who think that the *quiet* system is the best, and they prefer to gain their objects by wheedling. Others, having great confidence in the assumption of authority, prefer to adopt a commanding manner, and trust to their powers of compulsion. While a third class prefer a constant and well-directed course of teasing, believing that continual dropping wears away the hardest stone. The sex may be divided into three grand classes; namely: COAXERS, DRIVERS, and WORRIERS. Let us glance at them for a moment, in their order.

And first: when did women ever cease COAXING? when *will* they cease? Coax! why, they coax from the cradle to the grave; it comes as natural to them as smiling. In early life, or mature years, it is all the same. If we are children, it is 'Auh! do now; if you don't, 'pon my word, I'll never speak to you again! Ah, I think you might; I think you're mean if you don't.' If we are 'children of a larger growth,' it is: 'Dear William, won't you, for *my* sake now?—only once! I'm sure you can't refuse this one time;' and they languish at you with their sparkling eyes, and pout out their ruby lips so prettily, that for the soul of you you can't refuse; and before you know it, you are completely bamboozled out of your independence and firmness. When Coriolanus threatened to destroy Rome, who was it coaxed him to forego his intention, and spare the city? Why, the women. And when Governor Dorr undertook his last revolution, who was it furnished recruits for his valiant army? The Yankee girls. Just look at the superiority of female tactics in every branch of this 'elegant accomplishment.' Suppose (understand, I say 'suppose,') a lady wishes you to kiss her. Now if a man wanted such a thing, the probability is that he would ask for it 'right out,' or it may be, proceed to snatch one without asking at all; but if a damsel desires one of the 'long, long' salutes, of which Byron speaks, how much more finished is her plan of operations! She has some 'great secret' to tell her lover, and gets behind his chair to whisper it softly in his ear; her long curls sweep over his face; her balmy breath spreads incense around him; and her 'secret,' by reason of her agitation, is murmured so low that he can't distinguish a word of it; and most naturally, he turns his face around to catch her meaning from her eyes; and in doing so, his lips (accidentally, of course,) meet her's: and then—oh! 'linked sweetness long drawn out,' isn't 'a touch to it;' and the most brilliant exploits of military strategy are completely dimmed by this specimen of female manoeuvring, which a lawyer would pronounce to be a clear case of 'obtaining a kiss under false pretences.' This is just the way they coax, bewilder and bother; and if they can't succeed in this manner, they make their next attempt as 'DRIVERS.'

'Sam Slick says, "The men hold the reins but the women tell them how to drive;" and theoretically and practically, such is the fact. A woman will coax, entreat and languish, as long as she can, and men show a disposition to comply; but let these weapons fail, and 'presto, change!' She comes out a perfect tyrant; scolds and berates us, if we are only 'courting;' boxes our ears, or smacks our mouths, if we are 'engaged;' and lectures, scratches and thumps us if we're 'married.' One who is a good subject for 'driving,' stands no chance at all. Every effort which he makes to extricate himself only plunges him deeper in the difficulty; and finally at one start he finishes the matter forever, and we see him safely secured, like a big cat-fish with a string through his gills. Did you ever remark a juvenile pussy after she has achieved the conquest of a poor insignificant mouse; how she hits it a spat, and sends it here, and then to balance matters gives it another and sends it there; how she shakes, cuffs, and knocks it about until it is almost breathless, and then, should it endeavor to escape, puts her paw on it triumphantly, and seems to say: 'You run away if you dare!' If so, then you have some slight idea of the situation of a poor fellow who is a good subject for 'driving.' He gets a hit here, which sends him bang into a tea-party; then whack! comes another, which sends him clear into the middle of next week, at a pic-nic party; and whip! comes a toss up into the air, and he alights on his feet at a fashionable ball. And one half of the time the unfortunate man is unconscious of his maltreatment; thinks it is all very nice; that he is doing the agreeable, and making all these arrangements himself; when in fact the whole affair is managed by the lady to suit herself; and yet she has the address to make him believe that *he* is the author. And he stands like a calf about to be led to the slaughter, while his enemies are getting the dripping-pan and basting-spoon ready for his roasting, and he is at that moment being regularly 'done brown.' We see occasionally in the newspapers accounts of marriages which take place 'after fifty years' courtship,' and every one is shocked to think of the great waste of time which has taken place, when an expeditious 'driver' would have brought the wooer up to the popping-point 'immediately, if not sooner.' The matter is very simple. Five or six hints of the superior attractions of Mr. Smith, or Mr. Brown, with an occasional going to church with one or the other, or both; and then a softness of voice, and a sort of 'Don't-speak-to-me-but-go-right-straight-away-and-ask-my-pa'-ativeness,' in his presence, will soon bring affairs to a crisis. It is all very nice for a beau to have no rival, but it is sometimes the source of great prostration, when one or two appearances of some good-looking man with whiskers would have sharpened up the ideas of the lagging admirer, wonderfully, and he would have been in great haste to have married his innamorata for fear some body else would get her. It is said that there are other ways of 'driving' which are not quite so pleasant; but as the present generation has

been made very well acquainted with some of the ways in which it is done, it is thought hardly necessary to discuss the matter here; yet those who wish to study this branch of the science, are referred for particulars to the melancholy narrations of the patient and long-suffering JOH CAUDLE.—But to change the sad picture, suppose that 'in conclusion' we say a word or two of 'WORRIERS.'

When a man can't be led, he must be driven: and when he can't be driven, he must be worried. There's a smile when he's willing, a frown when he's sullen, and a scolding when he's stubborn. The fact has been long ascertained, that teasing is the most delightful thing which a woman can do; it is so easy, so pleasant, and puts her in such an amiable state of mind. Just let her get fair game, an old bachelor, for example, and *don't* she worry?—first one way and then another. Now it is, 'Why don't you get married, Mr. Simpkins? I'm sure you're old enough.' And then, 'Oh! who'd have such an old dried-up "specimen" as you are? I don't wonder that you are not married; such fusty, stingy, cross, sour old wretches seldom are.' Or if it should be a coquette, with some ill-used victim dangling after her, looking as thin as a fishing-rod and as lugubrious as a sick monkey; sighing like a bellows and groaning like a dry cart-wheel; then if she does not care about 'driving' him to extremities, but prefers to worry him, for the fun of the thing, what a happy opportunity to exercise this amiable characteristic! She goes with him to a ball, and dances all the evening with Mr. Johnson; she engages to go with him on the next Sabbath evening to hear the Rev. Dr. Poundtext preach, and before he reaches the house she is off with Mr. Jenkins; he visits her and finds her so much entertained with the conversation of Mr. Jones, that she does not look at him all the evening; and all this time the unfortunate wight views the whole proceeding in much the same light as a little dog looks at a big one, when the big one runs away with the little one's bone; 'grins horribly a ghastly smile;' tries to make-believe that it is a good joke, a *very* good joke, while all the time rage is gnawing at his heart, and every circumstance portends that there will shortly be a grand blow up. Positively it is a shame that they worry the men so; and yet 'some people' say that they are not so much to blame, after all. 'They say' that the men encourage them in it, and as long as they do so, they must expect that the women will smile, provoke, bother, and tease them. Now, if an unfortunate love-stricken youth is troubled by the smile of Beauty, do you think that if she knows it to be the fact, she will 'stop it?' Not a bit of it! It is more than likely that on the next occasion she sees him, she will smile more sweetly than ever; and he, silly fool! instead of bracing up his nerves, and flying to 'a lodge in some vast wilderness,' what does he do? Why, like a frightened horse, he rushes into the flames again with his eyes wide open! So that after all he is more to blame than his sweet-heart; and if any accident happens, let the coroner's jury bring in a verdict of 'Served him right!' All which is respectfully submitted to the consideration of our 'loving' readers, here and elsewhere.

Knickerbocker for Feb.

#### CROMWELL'S LETTERS AND SPEECHES:

With Elucidations.—By THOMAS CARLYLE.—2 vols.—Chapman and Hall.

Mr Carlyle has done more for these letters and speeches than might be inferred from his title. He has, of course in his peculiar style, bound them together with narrative, prefaces, and remarks, so as to make them form a tolerably complete biography of Cromwell. He has certainly neglected no means of elucidating his hero's history, or of collecting and clearing his remains.

Wherever additions are made to the text they are distinguished by marks of quotation and much labour has been bestowed in minor editorial duties. The fault of Mr. Carlyle as an editor is, perhaps, that he has done too much rather than too little, and has made changes and additions where they were not necessary. But as a whole, we must repeat our conviction, expressed on the first appearance of the work, that it is an extremely useful one, and worth, for its solid value, all the histories of the Commonwealth that have ever been written or put together. Here we have every fragment of Cromwell's speech or writing, that has been preserved, arranged in lucid order, and exhibiting to us his views and his narrative of the great transactions in which he was concerned. It is hardly possible to overrate the worth of such a collection.

The most serious objection to what Mr. Carlyle has done lies in the remarks which he interposes between brackets, in the text of Cromwell's speeches. These remarks to most readers will appear mere foolery, and do really distract attention from the matter in hand. In one of the speeches, Cromwell, speaking of his call by God, says finely:—

"Indeed, this hath been the way God hath dealt with us all along. To keep things from our eyes all along, so that we have seen nothing in all His dispensations, long beforehand; which is also a witness in some measure to our integrity."

Here the current of thought is broken in upon by Mr. Carlyle's remarks:—

"[*"Integrity!"* from Dryasdust. Hush! my friend, it is incredible! A flat impossibility, how can it be believed? To the human owl living in his perennial London fog, in his twilight of all imaginable corrupt exhalations, and with his poor head overspun too to such an extent with red tape, parliamentary eloquence, force of public opinion, and such like, how shall the azure firmament and everlasting stars become credible? They are and remain incredible. From his shut sense all light rays are victoriously repelled, no light shall get admittance there. In no Heaven's light will he for his part ever believe; till at last, as is the necessity withal, it come to him as lightning.]

This may be very fine writing; it is certainly a good specimen of Mr. Carlyle's style. Our objection to it is, that the continual repetition of such bracket sentences, in effect nearly always the same, are not agreeable interruptions to Cromwell's speech.

One strange notion of Mr. Carlyle's is, that faith has departed from the world, because men are too wise to battle for it with the sword. Nothing can exceed his contemptuous mention of 'Exeter-hall brayings.' Yet a little reflection might have taught him that the modern missionary, who quits his home and friends to take his lot in the distant and dangerous lands where he believes God has cast it, is not less steadfast in faith, less courageous of soul, less truly heroic, than the armed Puritans who slew the men of Tredah as they clung to their altars. Mr. Carlyle sees heroism in strength, but not in suffering, in action, but not in patience. From his pages we can gather the lesson of what most impresses vulgar minds. Tyranny over them, and they will obey and admire. Trample them down, and they will kiss the heel that spurns them. But permit them any license of freedom, and they deride as weakness concessions which are meant to conciliate them.

The most important question, however, connected with these volumes, is the view they give us of Cromwell's own character. Was he in any degree a by-

poor? Surely not. We read his sincerity in every word that fell from his lips or his pen.

Well considered, there is nothing very extraordinary in his character; at least, it is not a rare one. We frequently find the same combination of enthusiasm and ability, the same union of firm belief in the overruling power of Providence, with the utmost activity of personal endeavour. It is clear that Cromwell, while he professed and believed that he was a mere agent in the hand of God, exerted the greatest vigilance and power to accomplish his ends, and neglected no precaution that could advance them. This blending of fatalism with self dependence is regarded as contradictory in his character; yet the key to the contradiction may easily be found.

Cromwell not only considered that he was an instrument of God's, but also that every movement of his mind was dictated by Heaven. Thus, while he exerted all his faculties to the utmost, he believed that Providence was working within him. When, after mature consideration of all the bearings of a subject, he decided on any course of action, that decision was for him the result of inspiration. But he was never moved by Heaven until all his own faculties had been thoroughly exercised. He took every means to ensure success that human prudence could advise, with the full assurance that God had suggested those means. Zealot as he was, he was never rash, and never negligent. The powers of his strong mind were always in full and healthy play, strengthened by the conviction that God was their mainspring and source of action. With this clue to his character, it is a labyrinth no longer. All his life becomes consistent, and stands out on the page of history in bold and simple grandeur.

When in Parliament he roused the Commons and the people, exciting them by an eloquence at once cunning and impassioned, he believed the Spirit gave him those sharp and artful words which were best adapted to his purpose. When in the field his quick eye surveyed his adversary, it was the Lord's finger that pointed to the crevice in his enemy's armour, and the Lord's hand that gave force to the thrust which buried the sword in his heart. When before a fortress, it was the Lord that prompted the midnight reconnoitre or the midnight assault, and in the flush and heat of victory the Lord unloosed his tongue to cry, Smite and utterly destroy them. It was the judgment of Heaven that pronounced Charles Stuart guilty, for the Lord dictated the fatal word to every tongue. In short, to whatever point the carnal inclinations or the human intelligence and sagacity of Cromwell directed him, to that goal was he led by the hand of God. That is Cromwell's character. A stern, ambitious, able man—but capable of home affections and household joys—exerting all his powers to achieve his aims, yet believing himself under the immediate care and guidance of Providence. He invariably followed his own will, with the conviction that it was the will of Heaven.

Mr. Carlyle does not think that Cromwell can ever be charged with unnecessary cruelty. Perhaps not, in the estimation of those times. But there is evidence enough of the savage spirit in which he carried on the war. A couple of brief letters illustrate his ordinary style of summoning fortresses to surrender:—

*"To the Governor of the Garrison in Farringdon"*

"29 April, 1645

"Sir,—I summon you to deliver into my hands the house wherein you are, and your ammunition, with all things else there; together with your persons to be disposed of as the Parliament shall appoint. Which if you refuse to do, you are to expect the utmost extremity of war. I rest,

"Your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL."

This governor, "Roger Burgess," is not to be terrified with fierce countenance and mere dragons; he refuses. Cromwell withdrew into Farringdon Town, and again summons.

*"To the same; same date."*

"Sir,—I understand by forty or fifty poor men whom you forced into your house, that you have many there whom you cannot arm, and who are not serviceable to you. If these men should perish by your means, it were greater inhumanity surely. Honour and honesty require this, that though you be prodigal of your own lives, yet not to be so of theirs. If God give you into my hands, I will not spare a man of you, if you put me to a storm.

"OLIVER CROMWELL."

Roger Burgess, still unawed, refuses; Cromwell waits for infantry from Abingdon "till three next morning," then storms; loses fourteen men, with a captain taken prisoner;—and draws away, leaving Burgess to crouch over him.

Cromwell gave little mercy to his foe; or, as he would say, the Lord admonished him to deal harshly with the malignants. He mistook the promptings of a ferocious nature for the councils of Heaven. In his war with the Scots he writes, after their defeat:—"They bring in and kill divers of them (the Scots) as they light upon them." When a place surrendered at discretion, the rule was, to shoot the superior officers. Thus, at Colchester, Sir George Lisle and Sir Charles Lucas were shot immediately after they had surrendered the town.

Cromwell's own letters give a faithful picture of the Irish massacres. Of the town of Tredah, with its garrison of 3,000 men, he writes:—"Being thus entered, we refused them quarter, having before summoned the town. I believe we put to the sword the whole number of the defendants. I do not think thirty of the whole number escaped with their lives. Those that did are in safe custody for the Barbadoes. I wish that all honest hearts may give the glory of this to God alone."

In another letter, to the Speaker of the Parliament, he writes:—

"Divers of the enemy retreated into the Mill-Mount: a place very strong and of difficult access; being exceedingly high, having a good gale, and strongly pallisadoed. The Governor, Sir Arthur Ashton, and divers considerable officers being there, our men getting up to them, were ordered by me to put them all to the sword. And indeed, being in the heat of action, I forbade them to spare any that were in arms in the town: and I think that night they put to the sword about 2,000 men;—divers of the officers and soldiers being fled over the bridge into the other part of the town, where about 100 of them possessed St. Peter's Church-steeple, some the west gate, and others a strong round tower next the gate called St. Sunday's. These, being summoned to yield to mercy, refused. Whereupon I ordered the steeple of St. Peter's Church to be fired, when one of them was heard to say in the midst of the flames, 'God damn me, God confound me; I burn, I burn.'"

One garrison yielded to him, on condition that the inferior sort should have quarter, and that the commissioned officers should trust to his mercy. He informs us what that mercy was:—

"The next day, the colonel, the major, and the rest of the commission officers were shot to death; all but one, who, being a very earnest instrument to have the castle delivered, was pardoned. In the same castle also we took a Popish priest, who was chaplain to the Catholics in this regiment, who was caused to be hanged."

In Mr. Carlyle's opinion this was the best way of dealing with the rebellion. The severity, he thinks answered its purpose, and quelled resistance. Mr. Macaulay takes the same view. Yet might they not observe how the wound that Cromwell's sword inflicted on Ireland has rankled till this day? Cruelty may answer for a time, but in the long run it is the worst policy that any nation can pursue.

The storm of the Marquis of Worcester's mansion at Basingstoke, as described by Mr. Hugh Peters, gives a lively picture of the horrors of the war. The old Puritan divine regards with anything but disapproval the rude play of the troopers with the gentlewomen of rank. Mr. Carlyle thinks his spirit a good one. One of the daughters of Dr. Griffith is slain. "Poor lady!" says he, as much as to say her talking deserved it:—

"The rooms before the storm (it seems), in both Houses, were all completely furnished; provisions for some years rather than months; 400 quarters of wheat; bacon divers rooms-full, containing hundreds of fitches; cheese proportionable; with oatmeal, beef, pork; beer divers cellars-full, and that very good."—Mr. Peters having taken a draught of the same.

"A bed in one room, furnished, which cost £1,300. Popish books many, with copes, and such utensils. In truth, the house stood in its full pride; and the enemy was persuaded that it would be the last piece of ground that would be taken by the Parliament, because they had so often foiled our forces which had formerly appeared before it. In the several rooms and about the house, there were slain seventy-four, and only one woman, the daughter of Dr. Griffith, who by her railing," poor lady, "provoked our soldiers (then in heat) into a further passion. There lay dead upon the ground, Major Cuffie;—a man of great account amongst them, and a notorious Papist; slain by the hands of Major Harrison, that godly and gallant gentleman,"—all men know him; "and Robinson the player, who a little before the storm was known to be mocking and scorning the Parliament, and our army. Eight or nine gentlewomen of rank, running forth together, were entertained by the common soldiers somewhat coarsely;—yet not uncivilly, considering the action in hand."

Mr. Carlyle's remark on this is characteristic:—

"The Marquis of Winchester had been addicted to the arts,—to the upholsteries perhaps still more. A magnificent kind of man; whose "best bed," now laid bare to general inspection, excited the wonder of the world."

With a few other extracts we conclude, which will give the reader a fair idea of Mr. Carlyle's original matter. It is in some of his passages of narrative, and in some of his historical pictures, that he appears to most advantage:

#### CROMWELL'S HOUSE AT HUNTINGDON.

The house where Robert Cromwell dwelt, where his son Oliver and all his family were born, is still familiar to every inhabitant of Huntingdon: but it has been twice rebuilt since that date, and now bears no memorial whatever which even tradition can connect with him. It stands at the upper or northern extremity of the town,—beyond the market-place we spoke of; on the left or river-ward side of the street. It is at present a solid yellow brick house, with a walled court-yard; occupied by some townsman of the wealthier sort. The little brook of Hinchin, making its way to the Ouse which is not far off, still flows through the court yard of the place,—offering a convenience for malting or brewing among other things. Some vague but confident tradition as to brewing attaches itself to this locality; and traces of evidence, I understand, exist that before Robert Cromwell's time, it had been employed as a brewery: but of this or even of Robert Cromwell's own brewing there is, at such a distance, in such an element of distracted calumny, exaggeration and confusion, little or no certainty to be had. Tradition, "the Rev. Dr. Lort's manuscripts," Carrion Heath, and such testimonies, are extremely insecure as guides! Thomas Harrison, for example, is always called "the son of a butcher;" which means only that his father, as farmer or owner, had grazing-lands, down in Staffordshire, wherefrom naturally enough proceeded cattle, fat cattle as the case might be,—well fattened, I hope.

#### CROMWELL'S ENTRANCE AT COLLEGE.

April 23, 1616—Curious enough, of all days on this same day, Shakspeare, as his stone monument still testifies, at Stratford-on-Avon, died:—

*Obiit Anno Domini 1616.*

*Ætatis 53. Die 23 Apr.*

While Oliver Cromwell was entering himself of Sidney-Sussex College, Wm. Shakspeare was taking his farewell of this world. Oliver's father had, most likely, come with him; it is but twelve miles from Huntingdon; you can go and come in a day. Oliver's father saw Oliver write in the Album at Cambridge: at Stratford, Shakspeare's Ann Hathaway was weeping over his bed. The first world great thing that remains of English history, the literature of Shakspeare, was ending: the second world great thing that remains of English history, the armed appeal of Puritanism to the invisible God of Heaven against many very visible devils, on earth and elsewhere, was, so to speak, beginning. To have their exits and their entrances. And one people in its time plays many parts.

#### DEATH OF RALEIGH.

Thursday, 29th October, 1618—This morning, if Oliver, as is probable, were now in town studying law, he might be eye-witness of a great and very strange scene: the last scene in the life of Sir Walter Raleigh. Raleigh was beheaded in Old Palace-yard; he appeared on the scaffold there "about eight o'clock" that morning; "an immense crowd," all London, and in a sense all England, looking on. A cold hoarfrosty morning. Earl of Arundel, now known to us by his Greek marbles; Earl of Doncaster ("Sardanapalus Hay," ultimately Earl of Carlisle): these, with other earls and dignitaries, sat looking through windows near by; to whom Raleigh, in his last brief manful speech, appealed, with response from them. He had failed in finding Eldorados in the Indies lately; he had failed, and also succeeded, in many things in his time: he returned home with his brain and his heart "broken," as he said; and the Spaniards, who found King James willing, now wished that he should die. A very tragic scene. Such a man, with his head grown grey, with his strong heart "breaking,"—still strength enough in it to break with dignity. Somewhat proudly he laid his old grey head on the block, as if saying, in better than words, "There, then!" The sheriff offered to let him warm himself again, within doors again at a fire. "Nay, let us be swift," said Raleigh; "in a few minutes my agony will return upon me, and if I be not dead before that, they will say I tremble for fear." If Oliver, among "the immense crowd," saw this scene, as is conceivable enough, he would not want for reflections on it.

#### THE TULCHAN BISHOPS.

King James, this time, was returning northward to visit poor old Scotland again, to get his pretended-bishops set into activity, if he could. It is well known that he could not to any satisfactory extent, neither now nor afterwards: his pretended-bishops, whom by cunning means he did get instituted, had the



name of bishops, but next to none of the authority, of the respect, or alas, even of the cash, suitable to the reality of that office. They were by the Scotch people derisively called *Tulchan Bishops*. Did the reader ever see, or fancy in his mind, a Tulchan? Tulchan is, or rather was, for the thing is long since obsolete, a calf skin stuffed into the rude similitude of a calf,—similar enough to deceive the imperfect perceptive organs of a cow. At milking time the Tulchan, with head duly bent, was set as if to suck; the fond cow looking round fancied that her calf was busy, and that all was right; and so gave her milk freely, which the cunning rosid was straining in white abundance into her pail all the while! The Scotch milkmaids in those days cried, "Here is the Tulchan; is the Tulchan ready?" So of the bishops. Scotch lairds were eager enough to milk the church lands and tithes, to get the rents out of them freely, which was not always easy. They were glad to construct a form of bishops to please the King and Church, and make the "milk" come without disturbance. The reader now knows what a Tulchan Bishop was. A piece of mechanism constructed not without difficulty, in Parliament and King's Council, among the Scots; and torn asunder afterwards with dreadful clamour, and scattered to the four winds, so soon as the cow became awake to it.

## CROMWELL'S APPEARANCE.

Let us now annex the following well-known passage of Sir Philip Warwick; and if the reader fancy the speeches on the former Saturday, and how the "whole of this Monday was spent in hearing grievances" of the like sort, some dim image of a strange old scene may perhaps rise upon him.

"The first time I ever took notice of Mr. Cromwell," says Warwick, "was in the very beginning of the Parliament held in November, 1640; when I, member for Radnor, 'vainly thought myself a courtly young gentleman; for we courtiers valued ourselves much upon our good clothes! I came into the house one morning,' Monday morning, 'well clad; and perceived a gentleman speaking, whom I knew not—very ordinarily apparelled; for it was a plain cloth suit, which seemed to have been made by an ill country tailor; his linen was plain, and not very clean; and I remember a speck or two of blood upon his little band, which was not much larger than his collar. His hat was without a hatband. His stature was of a good size; his sword stuck close to his side; his countenance swollen and reddish, his voice sharp and untuneable, and his eloquence full of fervour. For the subject matter would not bear much of reason; it being on behalf of a servant of Mr. Prynne's who had dispersed libels;'—yes, libels, and had come to Palace yard for it, as we saw: 'I sincerely profess, it lessened much my reverence unto that great council, for this gentleman was very much hearkened unto,'—which was strange, seeing he had no gold lace to his coat, nor frills to his band; and otherwise, to me in my poor featherhead, seemed a somewhat unhandy gentleman!

## CROMWELL TO COL. WALTON ON THE DEATH OF HIS SON.

"Sir, God hath taken away your eldest son by a cannon-shot. It brake his leg. We were necessitated to have it cut off, whereof he died.

"Sir, you know my own trials this way; but the Lord supported me with this, that the Lord took him into the happiness we all pant for and live for. There is your precious child full of glory, never to know sin or sorrow any more. He was a gallant young man, exceedingly gracious. God give you His comfort. Before his death he was so full of comfort that to Frank Russel and myself he could not express it, 'It was so great above his pain.' This he said to us. Indeed it was admirable. A little after, he said, one thing lay upon his spirit. I asked him, what that was? he told me it was, that God had not suffered him to be any more the executioner of his enemies. At his fall, his horse being killed with the bullet, and as I am informed three horses more, I am told he bid them open to the right and left, that he might see the rogues run. Truly he was exceedingly beloved in the army, of all that knew him. But few knew him; for he was a precious young man, fit for God. You have cause to bless the Lord. He is a glorious saint in heaven; wherein you ought exceedingly to rejoice. Let this drink up your sorrow; seeing these are not feigned words to comfort you, but the thing is so real and undoubted a truth. You may do all things by the strength of Christ. Seek that, and you shall easily bear your trial."

## THE DEATH-WARRANT OF CHARLES I.

"*Ipsa molossia ferociore*, more savage than their own mastiffs!" shrieks Saumaise; shrieks all the world, in unmelodious soul-confusing diapason of distraction—happily at length grown very faint in our day. The truth is, no modern reader can conceive the then atrocity, ferocity, unspeakability of this fact. First, after long reading in the old dead pamphlets does one see the magnitude of it! To be equalled, nay to be preferred think some, in point of horror, to "the crucifixion of Christ." Alas! in these irreverent times of ours, if all the kings of Europe were to be cut in pieces at one swoop, and flung in heaps in St. Margaret's churchyard on the same day, the emotion would, in strict arithmetical truth, be small in comparison! We know it not, this atrocity of the English regicides; shall never know it. I reckon it perhaps the most daring action any body of men to be met with in history ever, with clear consciousness, deliberately set themselves to do. Dread phantoms, glaring supernatural on you—when once they are quelled and their light snuffed out, none knows the terror of the phantom! The phantom is a poor paper-lantern with a candle end in it, which any whispster dare not beard.

A certain Queen in some South Sea island, I have read in missionary books, had been converted to Christianity; did not any longer believe in the old gods. She assembled her people; said to them, "My faithful People, the gods do not dwell in that burning-mountain in the centre of our isle. That is not God; no, that is a common burning-mountain,—mere culinary fire burning under peculiar circumstances. See, I will walk before you to that burning-mountain will empty my washbowl into it, cast my slipper over it, defy it to the uttermost, and stand the consequences!"—She walked accordingly, this South-Sea heroine, nerved to the sticking-place; her people following in pale horror and expectancy: she did her experiment;—and, I am told, they have truer notions of the gods in that island ever since! Experiment which it is now very easy to repeat, and very needless. Honour to the brave who deliver us from phantoms-dynasties, in South-Sea islands and in North!

This action of the English Regicides did in effect strike a damp-like death through the heart of Flunkeyism universally in this world. Whereof Flunkeyism, Cant, Cloth-worship, or whatever ugly name it have, has gone about incurably sick ever since; and is now at length, in these generations, very rapidly dying. The like of which action will not be needed for a thousand years again. Needed, alas—not till a new genuine Hero-worship has arisen, has perfected itself; and had time to degenerate into a Flunkeyism and Cloth-worship again! Which I take to be a very long date indeed.

## PARLIAMENTARY EXECUTIONS.

This Thursday, 8th March, 1648-9, they are voting and debating in a thin

House, hardly above sixty there, whether Duke Hamilton, Earl Holland, Lords Capel, Goring, and Sir John Owen,—our old friend Colonel Owen, of Nottingham Castle, Jenner and Ashe's old friend,—are to die, or to live.

They have been tried in a new High Court of Justice, and all found guilty of treason, of levying war against the supreme authority of this nation. Shall they be executed; shall they be respited? The House by small majorities decides against the first three; decides in favour of the last; and as to Goring, the votes are equal—the balance-tongue trembles, "Life or Death!" Speaker Lenthall says: Life.

On the morrow morning, poor versatile Hamilton, poor versatile Holland, with the Lord Capel, who the first of all in this Parliament rose to complain of grievances, meet their death in Palace yard. The High Court was still sitting in Westminster-hall as they passed through "from Sir Robert Cotton's house." Hamilton lingered a little, or seemed to linger, in the hall; still hopeful of reprieve and fine of £100,000, but the Earl of Denbigh, his brother-in-law, a member of the Council of State, stepped up to him; whispered in his ear;—the poor Duke walked on. That is the end of all his diplomacies; his Scotch army of forty thousand, his painful ridings to Uttoxeter, and to many other places, have all issued here. The Earl of Lanark will now be Duke of Hamilton in Scotland; may a better fate await him.

The once gay Earl of Holland has been "converted" some days ago, as it were for the nonce,—poor Earl! With regard to my Lord Capel again, who followed last in order, he behaved, says Bulstrode, "much after the manner of a stout Roman. He had no minister with him, nor showed any sense of death approaching; but carried himself all the time he was upon the scaffold with that boldness and resolution as was to be admired. He wore a sad-coloured suit, his hat cocked up, and his cloak thrown under one arm: he looked towards the people at his first coming up, and put off his hat in manner of a salute; he had a little discourse with some gentlemen, and passed up and down in a careless posture." Thus did Lord Capel, the first who complained of grievances: in seven years' time there are such changes for a man; and the first acts of his drama little know what the last will be!

## THE MURDERER'S CONFESSION.

BY HORACE SMITH.

I paused not to question the Devil's suggestion,  
But o'er the cliff, headlong, the living was thrown,  
A scream and a plashing, a foam and a flashing,  
And the smothering water accomplished his slaughter,  
All was silent, and I was alone.

With heart-thrilling spasm, I glanced down the chasm;  
There was blood on the wave that closed over his head,  
And in bubbles his breath, as he struggled with death,  
Rose up to the surface. I shudder'd and fled.

With footsteps that stagger'd and countenance haggard,  
I stole to my dwelling, bewild'rd, dismay'd,  
Till whisperings stealthily said—"Psha! he was wealthy—  
Thou'rt his heir—no one saw thee—then be not afraid."

I summon'd the neighbours, I joined in their labours,  
We sought for the missing by day and by night;  
We ransack'd each single height, hollow, and dingle,  
Till shoreward we wended, when starkly extended,  
His corpse lay before us—O God, what a sight!

And yet there was nothing for terror or loathing;  
The blood had been wash'd from his face and his clothing,  
But by no language, no pen, his life-like, wide open  
Eyes can be painted:—  
They stared at me, flared at me, angrily glared at me,  
I felt murder-attainted;  
Yet my guilty commotion seem'd truth and devotion,  
When I shudder'd and fainted.

No hint finds emission that breathes of suspicion,  
None dare utter a sound when an inquest has found  
His death accidental;  
Whence then and wherefore, having nothing to care for,  
These agonies mental?  
Why grieve and why sicken, frame wither'd, soul-stricken?  
Age-paralysed, sickly, he must have died quickly,  
Each day brought some new ill;  
Why leave him to languish and struggle with anguish?  
The deed that relieved him from all that aggrieved him  
Was kindly not cruel.

In procession extended a funeral splendid,  
With banner'd displays and escutcheons emblazon'd  
To church slowly pass'd,  
When a dread apparition astounded my vision;  
Like an aspen leaf shaking, dumb founded and quaking,  
I stood all aghast!

From its nail'd coffin prison, the corpse had arisen,  
And in all its shroud vesture, with menacing gesture,  
And eye-balls that stared at me, flared at me, glared at me,  
It pointed—it flouted its slayer, and shouted  
In accents that thrilled me,  
"That ruthless dissembler, that guilt-stricken trembler  
Is the villain who kill'd me!"

'Twas fancy's creation—mere hallucination—  
A lucky delusion, for again my confusion,  
Guilt's evidence sinister, seem'd to people and minister  
The painful achievement of grief and bereavement.

Then why these probations, these self-condemnations,  
Incessant and fearful?  
Some with impunity snatch opportunity,  
Slay—and exult in concealment's immunity,  
Free from forebodings and heartfelt corrodings,  
They fear no disclosure, no public exposure,  
And sleeping unhaunted and waking undaunted,  
Live happy and cheerful.

To scape the ideal let me dwell on the real.  
I, a pauper so lately,

In abundance possessing life's every blessing,  
Fine steeds in his stable, rare wines on my table,  
Servants dress'd gaily, choice banquets daily,  
A wife fond and beautiful, children most dutiful,  
I, a pauper so lately, live richly and greatly,  
In a mansion house stately.

Life's blessings!—Oh, liar! all are curses most dire—  
In the midst of my revels,

His eyes ever stare at me, glare at me, glare at me.  
Before me, when treading my manors outspreading,  
There yawns an abysmal cliff precipice dismal;  
Isolation has vanish'd, all silence is banish'd,  
Where'er I immow me his death-shrieks pursue me,  
I am haunted by devils.

My wine, clear and ruddy, seems turbid and bloody;  
I cannot quaff water—recalling his slaughter,  
My terror it doubles—'tis beaded with bubbles,  
Each fill'd with his breath,  
And every glass in each hisses—"Assassin!"  
My curse shall afflict thee, haunt, harrow, and blight thee,  
In life and in death!"

My daughters, their mother, contend with each other  
Who shall show most affection, best soothe my dejection.  
Revolting endearments! their garments seem cerements,  
And I shudder with loathing at their grave-tainted clothing.  
Home, and the mercies,  
That to others are dearest, to me are the drearest  
And deadliest curses.

When free from this error, I thrill with the terror  
(Thought horrid to dwell on!)  
That the wretch whom they cherish may shamefully perish;  
Be publicly gibbeted, branded, exhibited,  
As a murderous felon!

O punishment hellish!—the house I embellish,  
From centre to corner upbraids its adorer.—  
A door's lowest creaking swells into a shrieking;  
Against me each column bears evidence solemn,  
Each statue's a Nemesis;  
They follow, infest me, they strive to arrest me,  
Till, in terrified sadness that verges on madness,  
I rush from the premises.

The country's amenity brings no serenity,  
Each rural sound seeming a menace or screaming;  
There is not a bird or beast but cries—"Murder!"  
There goes the offender!  
Dog him, waylay him, encompass him, stay him,  
And make him surrender!"

My flower-beds splendid seem eyes blood-distended—  
His eyes, ever staring, and flaring, and glaring!  
I turn from them quickly, but phantoms more sickly  
Drive me hither and thither:  
I would forfeit most gladly wealth stolen so madly,  
Quitting grandeur and revelry to fly from this devilry,  
But whither—oh! whither?

Hence, idle delusions! hence, fears and confusions!  
Not a single friend's severance lessens men's reverence,  
No neighbour of rank quits my sumptuous banquets  
Without lauding their donor;  
Throughout the wide county I'm famed for my bounty,  
All hold me in honour.

Let the dotard and craven by fear be enslaven.  
They have vanish'd! How fast fly these images ghastly,  
When, in firm self-reliance,  
You determine on treating the brain's sickly cheating  
With scorn and defiance!

Ha! ha! I am fearless henceforward, and tearless,  
No comage of fancy, no dream's necromancy,  
Shall sadden and darken—God help me!—hist!—hearken!  
'Tis the shriek, soul-appalling, he uttered when falling!

By day thus affrighted, 'tis worse when benighted;  
With the clock's midnight boom from the church o'er his tomb  
There comes a sharp screaming, too fearful for dreaming;  
Bone fingers, unholy, draw the foot curtains slowly—  
O God! how they stare at me, glare at me, glare at me,  
Those eyes of a Gorgon!

Beneath the clothes sinking, with shuddering shrinking,  
A mental orgasm and bodily spasm  
Convulse every organ.

Nerves a thousand times stronger could bear it no longer.  
Grief, sickness, compunction, dismay in conjunction,  
Nights and days ghost prolific, more grim and terrific

Than judges and juries,  
Make the heart writhe and falter more than gibbet and halter.  
Arrest me, secure me, seize, handcuff, immure me!—  
I own my transgression—will make full confession—  
Quick—quick! let me plunge in some dark vaulted dungeon,  
Where, though tried and death-fated, I may not be baited  
By devils and furies!

## MEMOIRS OF THE JACOBITES OF 1715 AND 1745.

BY MRS. THOMPSON.

There is always something attractive in the contemplation of devoted loyalty, under whatever banner it is enlisted. We are presented with the fairest view of human nature, when the sentiment of affection for a fallen house predominates over all selfish considerations, and men grasp the sword and incur every sacrifice from a feeling of duty alone. To this spirit the lives of the Jacobites owe much of their interest. They were the last adherents of an illustrious family that had for centuries played a great but unfortunate part in

the world's history; and that rising in splendour ran its strange and eccentric career of misfortune and glory, of magnificence and sorrow, till it set in shame and obscurity, leaving no one descendant to perpetuate its name and lineage. There is no parallel to its fortunes—they stand alone in the roll of history.

Many of the Jacobites, it is true, can lay little claim to true hearted loyalty, having espoused the Stuart cause as mercenaries and intriguers. Yet when these are separated from the faithful, there remain examples enough of real affection, and bright honour, and heroic courage, to give their annals a place among the most attractive of our historic records. The lives of the chiefs are singularly varied; they present us with almost every variety of character and fortune. It is no wonder that Scott found in their adventures almost endless materials of romance, or that his finest works should have for their subject different epochs of the Jacobite cause. So rich was the theme in interest, that he found materials for one of the most charming of his tales, "Redgauntlet," in a doubtful legend relating to the final extinction of the Stuart hopes.

Mrs. Thompson's biographies are ten in number, and comprehend the names of the most distinguished men who took part in the two rebellions of 1715 and 1745. Though on the same subject as two other works recently published, she can hardly be said to go over the same ground, as she adheres closely to the personal fortune of the individuals whose lives she relates, and only touches on the politics and history of the time sufficiently to make them intelligible. She introduces a great deal of matter of some historic importance that is perfectly new, and in all cases seems to have used very commendable industry in consulting the most authentic sources of information. In her life of Cameron of Lochiel she has been fortunate in obtaining the assistance of a MS. left by the late Mrs. Grant of Laggan, and in other cases she has obtained original documents from the State Paper office, and been favoured with documents from the repositories of the noble families descended from the Jacobite leaders. She has executed her task carefully, in a plain, pleasing style, and has shown much dexterity in escaping the awkwardness of going over the same events several times. Her volumes will be a useful and agreeable addition to our store of romantic biography.

The first memoir is that of the celebrated Earl of Mar. It extends to some length, and includes a notice of the Duke of Hamilton, who was killed in a duel by the notorious Lord Mohun. The latter nobleman possessed talents, but employed them principally to render his career of dissipation more remarkable. Twice he was tried before the peers for murder, having on the first occasion stabbed an actor, William Mountford, to the heart on slight provocation. His interest and abilities each time secured him a verdict of acquittal. Between him (he was still under thirty) and the Duke of Hamilton a jealousy had long subsisted, which had at last burst forth in an open rupture. What follows is worth quoting as an example of

### A DUEL IN 1712.

Certain offensive words spoken by Lord Mohun in the chambers of a Master in Chancery, and addressed to the Duke of Hamilton, brought a long standing enmity into open hostility. On the part of Lord Mohun, General Macartney was sent to convey a challenge to the Duke, and the place of meeting, time, and other preliminaries were settled by Macartney and the duke over a bottle of claret, at the Rose tavern, in Covent garden. The hour of eight on the following day was fixed for the encounter, and on the fatal morning the duke drove to the lodgings of his friend, Col. Hamilton, who acted as his second, in Charing cross, and hurried him away. It was afterwards deposed that, on setting out, the Colonel in his haste forgot his sword; upon which the duke stopped the carriage, and taking his keys from his pocket, desired his servant to go to a certain closet in his house, and to bring his mourning sword, which was accordingly done. This was regarded as a fatal omen in those days, in which, as Addison describes, a belief in such indications existed.

The duke then drove on to that part of Hyde-park leading to Kensington, opposite the lodge, and, getting out, walked to and fro upon the grass between the two ponds. Lord Mohun, in the mean time, set out from Longacre, with his friend General Macartney, who seems to have been a worthy second of the titled bravo.

Lord Mohun having taken the precaution of ordering some burnt wine to be prepared for him upon his return from the encounter, proceeded to the place of appointment, where the duke awaited him. "I must ask your lordship," said Lord Mohun, "one favour, which is, that these gentlemen may have nothing to do with our quarrel." "My Lord," answered the duke, "I leave them to themselves." The parties then threw off their cloaks, and all engaged; the seconds, it appears, fighting with as much fury as their principals. The park keepers coming up, found Col. Hamilton and Gen. Macartney struggling together; the General holding the Colonel's sword in his left hand, the colonel pulling at the blade of the general's sword. One of the keepers went up to the principals: he found Lord Mohun in a position between sitting and lying, bending towards the duke, who was on his knees, leaning almost across Lord Mohun, both holding each other's sword fast, both striving and struggling with the fury of remorseless hatred. This awful scene was soon closed for ever, as far as Mohun was concerned. He expired shortly afterwards, having received four wounds, each of which was likely to be mortal. The duke was raised and supported by Col. Hamilton and one of the keepers; but after walking about thirty yards, exclaimed that "he could walk no farther," sank down upon the grass, and expired. His lifeless remains, mangled with wounds which showed the relentless fury of the encounter, were conveyed to St. James's square the same morning, while the duchess was still asleep.

Lord Mohun, meanwhile, was carried, by order of General Macartney, to the hackney coach in which he had arrived, and his body conveyed to his house in Marlborough street, where, it was afterwards reported, that being flung upon the best bed, his lady, one of the nieces of Charles Gerrard, Earl of Macclesfield, expressed great anger at the soiling of her new coverlid, on which the bleeding corpse was deposited.

In the next memoir, that of the Earl of Derwentwater, we have one of those minute accounts of an execution that "harrow us with fear and wonder," concluding with a touching incident of female heroism:—

### DEATH OF LORD DERWENTWATER.

His lordship then laid himself down on the block, and said, "I forgive my enemies, and hope that God will forgive me;" and then, turning his head up towards the executioner, he exclaimed, "After the third time I cry 'Sweet Jesus!' strike then, and do what is most convenient to you."

A solemn and appalling scene then ensued. The voice of Lord Derwentwater was heard to exclaim, and the watchful ear of the executioner caught these words: "Sweet Jesus, receive my spirit; sweet Jesus be merciful unto me; sweet Jesus"—he seemed to be going on, when the sentence was broken and the voice for ever hushed, the executioner severing his lordship's head from



his body, which he did at one stroke. Then the executioner took up the head, and at the several quarters of the scaffold elevated it with both his hands, crying with a loud voice, "Behold the head of a traitor! God save King George!" When he had done so, the friends of the Earl not being provided with hearse or coffin, Sir John Fryer, the sheriff, ordered the body to be wrapped in black baize, to be conveyed to a hackney coach, and delivered to his friends one of whom had wrapped up his head in a handkerchief.

On the day of the execution, Mary, Countess of Derwentwater, accompanied by another female, dressed herself as a fishwoman, and in a cart drove under Temple bar, having previously bribed some people to throw the head of her lord into her lap, as she passed under the pinnacle on which it was placed.

This act of Lady Derwentwater will remind the reader of the deed of Margaret, the daughter of Sir Thomas More, who, in a boat beneath London bridge caught the head of her honoured father, and thought all her toil and peril cheap so that she might once again kiss those dear but lifeless lips. Strangely diverse is the manifestation of woman's affection. The wife and daughter of Lochiel pined after that brave and gentle chief till they followed him to the tomb; but Lady Kenmore, who had a son's heritage and rights to care for, waited only to see her lord die, then posted down to the north, secured the valuable papers of Kenmore Castle, and wearied friends with her importunity, until, when the estates of her husband were exposed for sale, she had funds at her command to buy them, and preserve them to the family. She lived so sparingly in her widowhood, that, when her son became of age, she had paid off all her debts, and gave him clear possession, free from all incumbrance, of the heritage of his fathers. Never lived there a braver woman.

The marriage of Lochiel was singular. He wooed and wedded a daughter of that celebrated Robert Barclay whose "Apology for the Quakers" is yet a text book among the Society of Friends.

#### A SKETCH OF BARCLAY'S CAREER.

The career of Robert Barclay was singular. He was first converted to Popery during his residence in Paris, when he was fifteen; and he changed that faith for the simple persuasion of the Quakers when he had attained his nineteenth year. He adopted the tenets of the Friends at a period when it required much courage to adhere to a sect who were vilified and ridiculed, not only in England but in Scotland. It was to refute these attacks against the Quakers that Barclay wrote the book entitled, "Truth cleared of Calumnies." His ability and sincerity have never been doubted; but some distrust of his reason may be forgiven, when we find the Quaker, a grave and happily married man, walking through the streets of Aberdeen, clothed in sackcloth and ashes, under the notion that he was commanded by the Lord to call the people unto repentance; he appealed to witnesses to prove the "agony of his spirit," and how he "had besought the Lord with tears, that this cup might pass away from him."

This singular act of humiliation was contrasted by frequent visits to the Court of Charles the Second, and to Elizabeth of Bohemia. To the house of Stuart Barclay was ever fondly attached. His father had suffered in the civil wars; and the doctrines of non-resistance and passive obedience, avowed by the Quakers, were favourable to the Stuart dynasty. The last visit which Barclay paid to London was rendered memorable by the abdication of James the Second. As he was standing beside that monarch, near a window, the king looked out and remarked that "the wind was fair for the Prince of Orange to come over." "It is hard," replied Barclay, "that no expedient can be found to satisfy the people." James answered, that "he would do anything becoming a gentleman, except parting with liberty of conscience, which he would never do while he lived." Barclay only survived that eventful period two years. His children, singular as it may seem, were all living fifty years after their father's death.

One of the memoirs is that of Robert Macgregor Campbell. All that is known respecting this celebrated chief is given by Mrs. Thomson in a pleasing form. In accordance with his life were

#### THE LAST MOMENTS OF ROB ROY.

His death bed was in character with his life: when confined to bed, a person with whom he was at enmity proposed to visit him. "Raise me up," said Rob Roy to his attendants, "dress me in my best clothes, tie on my arms, place me in my chair. It shall never be said that Rob Roy Macgregor was seen defenceless and unarmed by an enemy." His wishes were executed; and he received his guest with haughty courtesy. When he had departed, the dying chief exclaimed: "Its all over now—put me to bed—call in the piper; let him play 'Ha til mi tulidh' (we return no more) as long as I breathe." He was obeyed,—he died, it is said, before the dirge was finished. His tempestuous life was closed at the farm of Inverlochlarigbeg (the scene, afterwards, of his son's frightful crimes,) in the Braes of Balquhider. He died in 1735, and his remains repose in the parish churchyard, beneath a stone upon which some admirer of this extraordinary man has carved a sword. His funeral is said to have been attended by all ranks of people, and a deep regret was expressed for one whose character had much to recommend it to the regard of Highlanders.

He left behind him the memory of a character by nature singularly noble, humane, and honourable, but corrupted by the indulgence of predatory habits. That he had ever very deep religious impressions is doubted; and his conversion to Popery has been conjectured to have succeeded a wavering and unsettled faith. When dying, he showed that he entertained a sense of the practical part of Christianity, very consistent with his Highland notions. He was exhorted by the clergyman who attended him to forgive his enemies; and that clause in the Lord's prayer which enjoins such a state of mind was quoted. Rob Roy replied: "Ay, now ye hae gien me baith law and gospel for it. It's a hard law, but I ken it's gospel." "Rob," he said, turning to his son, "my sword and dirk lie there: never draw them without reason, nor put them up without honour. I forgive my enemies; but see you to them—or may"—the words died away, and he expired.

Judging from our own impressions, we should say that no reader could fail to rise favourably impressed with both the matter and style of these instructive volumes.

#### THE BIBLE STUDENT'S CONCORDANCE.

By Aaron Pick, Professor of Hebrew and Chaldee, from the University of Prague. Hamilton, Adams & Co.

*Gesenius's Hebrew and Chaldee Lexicon of the Old Testament.* Translated, &c., by S. P. Tregelles. Part I. Bagster & Sons

The neglect in which the study of the Hebrew language has always remained in England, and in which it still remains, is matter of no little surprise. There is no country in which the Bible is so much read; yet to read is one thing, to understand another. To the former, almost every old woman is ade-

quate; but the latter is, and must for ever remain, beyond the reach of our best scholars, unless they choose to be at the trouble of acquiring the language in which that most venerable of books was composed. When we thus write, we are by no means insensible to the merits of the Septuagint version which, next to the original, is the best authority any biblical student can consult—which ought to be not merely in the library, but daily in the hands, of every man that would pretend either to expound or to comprehend the older covenant. But there is a saying, so common as to have become a proverb—that "everything loses by translation, except a bishop;" and assuredly even the Septuagint is no exception to the rule. Every school boy knows that neither the genius of Dryden, nor the eloquence of Pope, has succeeded in representing to us, with anything approaching fidelity, the portrait of either of the great masters of the epic muse: and in regard to the New Testament, we have all learned to distrust every version,—no matter how carefully elaborated,—that our own or other nations have produced. If we would enter into the spirit of the inspired writers, who form the sacred canon—if we would comprehend the doctrinal passages—we must have recourse to the Greek original. If this be necessary in regard to writers who are so much more recent, and whose manner is so kindred with that of the objects of our early admiration, it must be doubly so in reference to those who constitute the more ancient covenant. When the chief parts of which it is composed were drawn up for the use of the Jews (and, through them, of mankind at large) the state of the world was as different as can possibly be imagined from that exhibited at the present day. Empires and people and language have disappeared; and with them have also disappeared customs and usages and opinions which were then familiar to every mind. Allusions to these can be understood only by an attentive consideration of the very words in which they were represented. Fortunately the Hebrew is an original, not a derivative,—its roots carry within themselves the means of self interpretation. It is not an arbitrary vehicle of thought—a mass of artificial forms to which custom alone has given a conventional meaning. If all other languages were lost, it would still preserve its innate power of interpreting itself, simply because it is a primitive speech, and coeval with the people by whom it was used. Not, indeed, that it has no affinities with some other tongues: for there is reason to suppose it is indebted to the Coptic, as we know it to be to the Chaldee and Syriac. But this exception, so far as the two latter tongues are concerned, applies only to the later books of the canon; and even then it is so slight as scarcely to affect the character of the language.

This neglect of a language, so interesting in its formation, and so indispensable in its application to biblical pursuits, may be attributed to two causes. The first and greatest is, that a knowledge of it is not made imperative on candidates for holy orders, nor consequently on university graduates. With the heads alike of our colleges and dioceses, a critical acquaintance with some out-of-the-way Greek metre has been, and is, a far surer passport to preferment than a knowledge of "the secret things of God's law," attainable only through the Hebrew. In the second place, it is generally thought that this language is of difficult attainment. But though a critical knowledge of the language may be so difficult as to deter any but the most resolute and persevering student—as even to require the labour of half a life, a humbler share of such knowledge—so much as to enable any intelligent person, with a lexicon before him, to read with comparative facility almost any chapter of the Pentateuch, or the historical books down to the Chronicles—is by no means a disheartening enterprise. Indeed, we have no hesitation in asserting, that if two boys, ignorant of Hebrew and Latin, were each to commence one of them, the Hebrew tyro would have read from the beginning of Genesis to the end of the last historical book, sooner than the other could have mastered Caesar's 'Gallic War,' and the 'Metamorphoses' of Ovid.

From these observations it may be readily inferred that we should hail with pleasure any attempt likely to facilitate the acquisition of this most ancient language. Mr. Pick's, 'Concordance' is indeed a welcome, because an elaborate and useful volume. Any reader, with a sufficient knowledge of the Hebrew alphabet, and especially of the vowel points (Hebrew *sine punctis* is too vague for our admiration), may enter on its use; and if, in addition, he has rendered himself familiar with the declensions and conjugations (both easy of acquirement—for the inflexions are simple, and generally uniform), his profit will be proportionably the greater. If he thus commences, he will be sure to proceed; for the study is always found attractive. Of this 'Lexicon,' we may observe, that it contains more than that of Gesenius in the original, or even that published by Dr. Robinson. Additions, and those neither few nor unimportant, have been brought from the 'Thesaurus' of the same learned scholar, from his 'Monumenta Phœnicia,' and, we believe, from the well-known compilation of our own Professor Lee; and it is stated that "especially care has been taken, by notes and otherwise, against the unsound theological views of the author." The price, too, and the mode of publication, call for our commendation. Seven monthly parts, at three shillings and sixpence each (though each is to contain seventeen sheets), have no precedent for cheapness in Hebrew literature.

Our vernacular version of the Old Testament, excellent as it may be, compared with former translations, or with many of those executed in the Continent, is disfigured by numerous errors. Many, indeed, are indicated in the copies which have the advantage of marginal references, but a greater number, perhaps, still remain unnoticed. A reader, whose knowledge of Hebrew extends merely to a knowledge of the characters, may be able to rectify many errors, or to restore many inadequate translations, with the aid of Mr. Pick's volume. He (or whoever has composed the Preface) adduces proofs of the value of such a 'Concordance.' Having remarked that the Hebrew has often several words while the English has but one, for the same object, and that there are four distinct original words for *man*, the author proceeds:—

"These words are *Odum*, mankind, man (made) of the earth; *Eesh*, a man of virtue, valiant; *Geer*, a man of strength, physical power; *Enoush*, a mortal man, weak, feeble. These compound nouns, each possessing in itself the combined force of an adjective, convey some idea of the perfection of that language to which they belong; and the beauty of those writings wherein such expressive variations in term are rightly applied, will be immediately observable; and it becomes manifest how essential is a knowledge of the actual word employed in the original to enable any one to discern the full and precise import of a given passage. Examples, 'And God said, Let us make man (*Odum*) in our image,' Gen. i. 26. 'When Joshua was by Jericho . . . behold, there stood a man (*Eesh*) over against him,' Josh. v. 13. 'Are thy days as the days of man? (*Enoush*) Are thy years as man's days? (*Geer*) Job. x. 5. 'What is man (*Enoush*) that thou art mindful of him! and the Son of Man (*Odum*) that thou visitest him?' Psalm viii. 4. Again, in Prov. xxx. 2, the English version reads, 'Surely I am more brutish than any man, and have not the understanding of a man;' which thus appears like two ways of affirm-

ing the same thing : while, in the Hebrew, the exactness of terms, by a beautiful antithesis, gives a finished character to the passage. Thus, 'Surely I am more ignorant than an Eesh, I have not the understanding of an Odom.' Again, there are two different words used in the Hebrew for the one word Sun in the English version, viz., *Khammoh*, the sun, *Shemesh*, the light of the sun; as also for the word Moon, viz., *Levonoh*, the moon, *Yoraiakh*, the light of the moon; and it is evident that a knowledge of the precise application of these distinct words is necessary to afford a clear understanding of the passages in which they severally occur. Thus, when Joshua said (x. 12), 'Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon; and thou, Moon, in the valley of Ajalon,' the words in the original are *Shemesh* and *Yoraiakh*; but in Isa. xxiv. 23, they are different; Then the Moon (*Levonoh*) shall be confounded, and the Sun (*Khammoh*) ashamed."

The latter part of this interpretation may go far to remove the difficulty of an important and much controverted text.

In the same Preface the author (or authors, for Mr. Pick has been assisted, to some little extent, by "two English friends,") very modestly alludes to the frequent difference of interpretation given by him, and the translators of our authorized version. Thus, in regard to the word "abhor" (Amos, vi. 8) the latter have mistaken the original, since they have confounded *to* to abhor, with *to* to long for. By aid of this work, too, many apparent contradictions may be reconciled:—

"For instance, in 1 Chron. x. 14, it is stated that Saul enquired of a familiar spirit, 'and enquired not of the Lord: therefore he slew him;' while in 1 Sam. xxviii. 6, we read that 'When Saul enquired of the Lord, the Lord answered him not.' Here is presented, to the Bible Student, the difficulty of an apparent contradiction; which, however, is readily explained by referring to this Concordance, where we find that in 1 Sam. the Hebrew word translated 'enquired,' is '*Shaal*, to ask; while the Hebrew word in 1 Chron. is '*Dorash*, to search out, to search after.' Thus, we find, there is no contradiction; for it is true that Saul did ask (*Shaal*) of God, in an indifferent way; and it is true that Saul did not search out (*Dorash*), or seek earnestly for an answer from God. It is also true, that while he did only ask of God, he did earnestly seek of the familiar spirit, 1 Chron. x. 13; 1 Sam. xxviii. 7.

Enough has been said to justify our commendation of 'The Bible Student's Concordance,' which we regard as a valuable contribution to biblical literature.

### STEALING MELONS.

I always took great pleasure in having a neat garden. I felt larger than common if I succeeded in raising cucumbers earlier than my neighbors; as if nature favoured me especially. I had the earliest and best kind of fruits. But I was greatly perplexed for a long time with thieving boys. Almost every night in the season of fruit, my garden was visited, trees damaged, and rich flowers trampled down. I tried various ways to protect my grounds,—had watch-dogs, but they were shot or poisoned—set traps, but they never caught anything except now and then one of my own cats. As John Hobbs says,

"Traps, every one knows are no safeguard to apples,

Big dogs seldom bite one, and guns never shoot;

The chivalrous schoolboy each obstacle grapples,

And never desists till he pockets the fruit."

Finally I built a wall of solid mason work about my garden; but that did not answer. It was only by accident that I found out the way to save one's fruit; and noticing in the papers divers cautions to young rogues, I think it worth while to publish somewhat of my experience.

I have come to the conclusion that boys are as much influenced by malice as by love of good eating in such thieving. If they know a man to be close-fisted, they will wrench open his fingers in some way. When I was a Freshman at the University, people about the college complained very much of their fruit being stolen by the students, and only one man escaped—and he was the only one who sent up a cart load of excellent apples and distributed them among the college boys.

I might have known if I had thought of my own boyhood, that the way to manage boys is to treat them kindly. They have a natural code of honor which forbids them to do him an injury who shows a regard for them. It is no compliment to a man that boys love to vex him. It is a pretty sure sign that he has not any soul to speak of.

"What do you say, Joe? shall we come the grab over them melons tonight? It's going to be as dark as thunder. Old Swipes will be snoring like ten men, before midnight."

"I should like the melons well enough, but we have to get over that pesky wall and"—

"Oh, pshaw, Jo! I know a place where it's easy getting over. I know the way like a book. Come, Jo! will you go it?"

Now, I dislike extremely to be an eavesdropper, and I usually convey myself elsewhere, rather than allow my ears to be a highway for words not intended for me. But the conversation so intimately concerned my melons, which I had taken some pains to raise, that I kept quiet and listened to the whole plan of the young scapegraces—so that I might make it somewhat bothersome for them.

Ned proposed to get over the wall on the south side by the great pear tree, and cut directly across to the summer-house—just north of which were the melons.

Jo was a clever, thick-lipped fellow, loved good fruit exceedingly, that is to say, as well as he did to lounge in an opening in summertime in a soft sunny place, and smoke cigars, and obstinate as an ass. Get him once started to do a thing and he would stick to it, like a mud turtle to a negro's toe, in spite of kicks or what not, till he had accomplished it. The other was a fiery dare-devil—didn't care so much for the melons as for the fun of getting them.

I made all needful preparations for the visit; put in brads pretty thick in scantling along the wall where they intended going over; uncovered a large water vat that had been filled some time, from which in dry weather I was accustomed to water my garden; dug a trench a foot deep or so, and placed slender boards over it, which were slightly covered with dirt, and just beyond them some little cords, fastened tightly—some eight inches from the ground. I picked all the melons I cared to preserve, leaving pumpkins and squashes about the size and shape of melons in their places.

They were right in supposing that it would be dark; but missed it a little in supposing "Old Swipes," as they called me, would be a-bed, though. The old man loves fun as well as they; and a little sprinkling of grey hairs has not altogether sobered him. I have the honor of being like

Washington in one respect—I can laugh as heartily as any mortal man, I believe I can roll in a perfect ecstasy; but as the old negro said of our country's Father, "he did all his laughing inside," so do I. One would think "Old Swipes" in the last agonies, to see him in a fit of his silent laughter. I expect I am somewhat unfortunate in being permitted to have enjoyment of this sort without hanging out the sign as others do, for I am an old bachelor, and am disposed to believe that if I had a little more of an India rubber phiz, I should have been married some forty times, ere this; I mean I should have had so many opportunities or more,—as it is, Ichabod Swipes, Esq., with a flourishing business, and elegant establishment, and some ten thousand dollars, ready money, never had a decided nibble in the pond matrimonial.—What else could be the reason I cannot imagine, for truly I am not a bad specimen of human nature. But—

"Whist, Jo! Don't you hear something?"

I think very probably they did; for the words were hardly out of his mouth when there was a sound as of forcibly tearing fustian.

"Get off my coat-tail," whispered Joe.—"There goes one flap, as sure as——. Why get off Ned." And Ned was off—and one leg of his breeches, too, nearly, as I supposed, for he was ah-ing and oh-ing, and was all the time telling Joe he believed there were nails in the side of the wall, for something had scratched him tremendously, and torn his breeches all to pieces. Joe sympathised with him, for he said half his coat was hanging up there somewhere.

The boys were more in earnest than ever, thinking that I had driven nails there on purpose to injure people and to tear their clothes.

"The old close-fisted bloater begrudges a little fruit."

They started on, hand in hand; for Ned believed he knew the way. They had gotten beyond the trees a little, when something went swash! swash! into the water vat—"Gosh," was the first exclamation I heard after that, and coughing and sneezing as though some one had the horse distemper—and then—

"By—by thun—thunder! That water smells rather old!"

Ned was a little disposed to cut dirt for home, but the other's "puppy-to-a-root-iveness, was to much excited to listen to any such proposition!

They thought to stop a little time and listen for fear they had roused some one by their floundering in the water—and be drained of their extra moisture somewhat. I thought I should burst forth into a roar of laughter as I listened to their whispering surprise—at the sudden revelation of a cistern of water there.

"Never heard anything about it before; how odd that we should both tumble into it."

"The old fellow must have fixed it on purpose to drown people in."

They concluded they had not been heard, and shortly pushed on again for the melons. They presently perceived there was something unstable about the ground they were cautiously passing over. They whispered to each other what I could not distinctly hear—something about traps, and started to run to get beyond this suspicious footing. Both were caught by the cords and headlong they went into a heap of briars and thistles and the like, placed there for their especial accommodation.

"Such a gitten' up stairs!" muttered one.

"Nettles and thistles—by Jemima Stott! how they prick!"

They determined to go on more cautiously.

"How thick they are, Jo! Come here. There's more than a dozen fat ones right here!"

Down they sat in the midst of them, and seemed to conclude that they had gotten pay for their mishaps.

"Here, Jo, take this muskmelon. Isn't it a hunker! Slash into it!"

"It cuts tremendous hard, Jim. Jim—it's a squash."

"No it isn't," said the other. "It's a new kind. Old Swipes sent to Rhode Island for the seed."

"Well the old chap got sucked in, that's all."

"Here let me gouge into this watermelon—there goes half a dollar! I've broke my knife."

"If I did not know it was a watermelon, I should say it was a pumpkin."

What further they did, while I went to the stable and unmuzzled the dog, and led him into the garden, I cannot say. That they took long steps, the onion beds and flower plats revealed in the morning.

I thought that the boys on the whole, must conclude that they had paid dear for the whistle, for they had not tasted of a melon, got scratched, clothes torn, were as wet as drowned rats, and pretty essentially frightened—so the next morning I sent invitations to all the young people in the village, to a feast of melons in the evening—particularly to Ned and Jo—on the principle of returning good for evil—and thinking that possibly it might be useful in the treatment of boys as well as men. My rooms were crowded betimes with a bright-eyed throng. Old Swipes looked confounded, sour, I suppose.

They would not have come, I presume, had it not been that my nephew, a great favorite with them, was spending the summer with me, for they obviously disliked me, and I don't know why they should do otherwise, for I had never noticed them, or appeared towards them as though they were worth noticing.

I went into my study, and soon such a whirlwind of fun as they raised it was rich music—their silvery laughter.

I was well paid for the expense and trouble I had been at in raising the largest, and best melons, by the rich sound of their hilarious voices. It brought before me the sunny days of my youth and its loved associations. Glorious days! I love to think of them.

My melons were never disturbed again.

THE RECEIPT.—Don't be harsh to boys.—Treat them as though they were going to be men, honest, and true presently. Meet fun with fun, and don't forget them when your nicest fruit is ripe. Newspaper paragraphs, dog-traps, and frowns, are not half so potent for preserving apples and the like, as kindness.

American Protector.

### THE LAST HOURS OF A REIGN.

#### CHAPTER I.

It was in the month of May 1574, and in the city of Paris, that, at an hour of the night which in these days might be considered somewhat early, but which at that period was already late, two personages were seated in a gloomy room, belonging to a small and ancient hotel, at no great distance from the old palace of the Louvre, with which it was supposed to communicate by courts and passages little known and seldom used.

One of these personages was a woman of middle age, whose form, although full, was peculiarly well made, and whose delicate but well fleshed hands were of striking beauty. The fair face was full and fat, but very pale; the



eyes were fine and dark, and the whole expression of her physiognomy was in general calm, almost to mildness. But yet there lurked a haughty air on that pale brow; and at times a look of searching inquisitiveness, amounting almost to cunning, shot from those dark eyes. Her ample dress was entirely black, and unrelieved by any of the embroidery or ornament so much lavished upon the dress of the higher classes at that time; a pair of long white ruffles turned back upon the sleeve, and a large standing collar of spotless purity, alone gave light to the dark picture of her form. Upon her head she wore a sort of skull cap of black velvet, descending with a sharp peak upon her forehead—the cowl like air of which might almost have given her the appearance of the superior of some monastic community, had not the cold imperious physiognomy of the abbess been modified by a frequent bland smile, which showed her power of assuming the arts of seduction at will, and her practice of courts. She leaned her arms upon the table, whilst she studied with evident curiosity every movement of her companion, who was engaged in poring, by the light of a lamp, over a variety of strange manuscripts, all covered with the figures, cyphers, and hieroglyphics used in cabalistic calculations.

This other personage was a man, whose appearance of age seemed to be more studied than real. His grey hair, contrary to the custom of the times, fell in thick locks upon his shoulders; and a white beard swept his dark velvet robe, which was fashioned to besow upon him an air of priestly dignity; but his face was florid, and full of vigour, and the few wrinkles were furrowed only upon his brow.

Around the room, the dark old panels of which, unrelieved by pictures and hangings, rendered it gloomy and severe, were scattered books and instruments, such as were used by the astronomers, or rather astrologers, of the day, and a variety of other objects of a bizarre and mysterious form, which, as the light of the lamp flickered feebly upon them, might have been taken, in their dark nooks, for the crouching forms of familiar imps, attendant upon a sorcerer. After some study of his manuscripts, the old man shook his head, and, rising, walked to the window, which stood open upon a heavy stone balcony. The night was bright and calm; not a cloud, not a vapour dimmed the glitter of the countless myriads of stars in the firmament; and the moon poured down a flood of light upon the roofs of the surrounding houses, and on the dark towers of the not far distant Louvre, which seemed quietly sleeping in the mild night-air, whilst within were fermenting passions, many and dark, like the troubled dreams of the apparently tranquil sleeper. As the old man stepped upon the balcony, he turned up his head with an assumed air of inspiration to the sky, and considered the stars long and in silence. The female had also risen and followed him to the window; but she remained cautiously in the shadow of the interior of the room, whence she watched with increasing interest the face of the astrologer. Again, after this study of the stars, the old man returned to his table, and began to trace new figures in various corners of the patterned horoscopes, and make new calculations. The female stood before him, resting her hands upon the table, awaiting with patience the result of these mysteries of the cabala.

"Each new experience verifies the former," said the astrologer, raising up his head at last. "The truth cannot be concealed from your majesty. His hours are numbered—he cannot live long."

"And it is of a surety *he*, of whom the stars thus speak?" enquired the female thus addressed, without emotion.

"The horoscopes all clash and cross each other in many lines," answered the astrologer; "but they are not confounded with his. The horoscope of near and inevitable death is that of your son Charles, the King."

"I know that he must die," said the Queen mother coldly, sitting down.

The astrologer raised for an instant his deep-set, but piercing grey eyes, to the pale, passionless face of the Queen, as if he could have read the thoughts passing within. There was almost a sneer upon his lip, as though he would have said, that perhaps none knew it better; but that expression flickered only, like a passing flash of faint summer lightning, and he quickly resumed—

"But about this point of death are centred many confused and jarring lines, in an inextricable web; and bright as they look to vulgar eyes, yon stars in the heavens shine with a lurid light to those who know to look upon them with the eyes of science; and upon their path is a dim trail of blood—troubled and harassed shall be the last hours of this reign."

"But what shall be the issue, Ruggieri?" said the Queen eagerly. "Since Charles must die, I must resign myself to the will of destiny," she added, with an air of pious humility; and then, as if throwing aside a mask which she thought needless before the astrologer, she continued with a bitterness which amounted almost to passion in one externally so cold—"Since Charles must die, he can be spared. He has thrown off my maternal authority; and with the obstinacy of suspicion, he has thwarted all my efforts to resume that power which he has wrested from me, and which his weak hands wield so ill. He has been taught to look upon me with mistrust; in vain I have combated this influence, and if it grow upon him, mistrust will ripen into hate. He regrets that great master stroke of policy, which, by destroying all those cursed Huguenots, delivered us at one blow from our most deadly enemies. He has spoken of it with horror. He has dared to blame me. He has taken Henry of Navarre, the recusant Huguenot, the false wavering Catholic, to his counsels lately. He is my son no longer, since he no longer acknowledges his mother's will; and he can be spared! But when he is gone, what shall be the issue, Ruggieri? how stand the other horoscopes?"

"The stars of the two Henrys rise together in the heavens," replied the Queen's astrologer and confidant. "Before them stands a house of double glory, which promises a double crown; but the order of the heavens is not such that I can read as yet, which of the two shall first enter it, or enter it alone."

"A double crown!" said the Queen musingly. "Henry of Anjou, my son, is king of Poland, and on his brother's death is rightful king of France. Yes, and he shall be king of France, and wear its crown. Henry never thwarted his mother's will, he was ever pliant as a reed to do her bidding; and when he is king, Catherine of Medicis may again resume the reins of power. You had predicted that he would soon return, when unwillingly he accepted that barbarian crown, which Charles' selfish policy forced upon him, in order to rid himself of a brother whom he hated as a rival—hated because I loved him. Yes, he shall return to resume his rightful crown—a double crown! But Henry of Navarre also wears a crown, although it be a barren one—al though the kingdom of Navarre bestow upon him a mere empty title. Shall it be his—the double crown? Oh! no! no! The stars cannot surely say it. Should all my sons die childless, it is his by right. But they shall not die to leave him their heir. No! sooner shall the last means be applied, and the detested son perish, as did his hated mother, by one of those incomprehensible diseases for which medicine has no cure. A double crown! Shall his be the crown of France also? Never! Ah! little did I think, Ruggieri, when

I bestowed upon him my daughter Margaret's hand, and thus lured him and his abhorred party to the court to finish them with one blow, that Margaret of Valois would become a traitress to her own mother, and protect a husband whom she accepted so unwillingly! But Margaret is ambitious for her husband, although she loves him not, although she loves another: the two would wish to thwart her brothers of their birthright, that she might wear their crown on her own brow. Through her intervention, Henry of Navarre has escaped me. He has outlived the massacre of that night of triumph, when all his party perished; and now Charles loves him, and calls him 'upright, honest Henry'; and if I contend not with all the last remnants of my broken power, my foolish son, upon his death-bed, may place the regency in his hands, and deprive his scorned and ill-used mother of her rights. The regency! Ah! lies there the double crown? Ah! Ruggieri, Ruggieri, why can you only tell me thus far and no further!"

"Madam," replied the wary astrologer, "the stars run in their slow unerring course. We cannot compel their path; we can only read their dictates."

Catherine de Medicis rose and approached the window, through which she contemplated the face of the bright heavens.

"Mysterious orbs of light," she said, stretching forth her arms—"ye who rule our destinies, roll on, roll on, and tarry not. Accomplish your great task of fate; but be it quickly, that I may know what awaits me in that secret scroll spread out above on which ye write the future. Let me learn the good, that I may be prepared to greet it—the ill, that I may know how to parry it."

Strange was the compound of that credulous mind, which whilst it sought in the stars the announcement of an inevitable fate, hoped to find in its own resources the means of avoiding it—which, whilst it listened to their supposed dictates as a slave, strove to command them as a mistress.

"And the fourth horoscope that I have bid you draw?" said the Queen, returning to the astrologer. "How stands it?"

"The star of your youngest son, the Duke of Alencon, is towering also to its culminating point," replied the old man, looking over the papers before him. "But it is nebulous and dim, and shines only by a borrowed light—that of another star which rises with it to the zenith. They both pursue the same path; and if the star of Alencon reach that house of glory to which it tends, that other star will shine with such a lustre as shall dim all other lights, however bright and glorious they now may be."

"Ha! is it so?" said Catherine thoughtfully. "Alencon conspires also to catch the tottering crown which falls from the dying head of Charles. But he is too weak and wavering to pursue a steady purpose. He is led, Ruggieri—he is led. He is taught to believe that since his elder brother has chosen the crown of Poland, it is his to claim the throne which death will soon leave vacant. But he wants firmness of will—it is another that guides his feeble hand. That star which aspires to follow in the track of Alencon—I know it well, Ruggieri. It is that of the ambitious favourite of my youngest son, of Philip de la Mole. It is he who pushes him on. It is he who would see his master on the throne, in order to throne it in his place. He has that influence over Alencon which the mother possesses no longer; and were Alencon king, it would be Philip de la Mole who would rule the destinies of France, not Catherine de Medicis. Beneath that exterior of thoughtless levity, lie a bold spirit and an ardent ambition. He is an enemy not to be despised; and he shall be provided for. Alencon protects him—my foolish Margaret loves him—but there are still means to be employed which may curdle love to hate, and poison the secret cup of sympathy. They shall be employed. Ha! Alencon would be king, and Philip de la Mole would lord it over the spirits of the house of Medicis. But they must be bold indeed who would contend with Catherine. Pursue. This star, which way does it tend?"

"It aspires to the zenith, madam," replied the astrologer. "But, as I have said, upon the track there is a trail of blood."

Catherine smiled.

"My youngest son has already been here to consult you; I think you told me?" she said, with an enquiring look to the astrologer.

"Among others, who have come disguised and masked, to seek to read their destinies in the skies, I have thought to recognise Monseigneur the Duke of Alencon," replied Ruggieri. "He was accompanied by a tall young man, of gay exterior and proud bearing."

"It is the very man!" exclaimed the Queen. "And do they come again?"

"I left their horoscope undetermined," replied the astrologer, "and they must come to seek an answer to my researches in the stars."

"Let the stars lie, Ruggieri—do you hear?" pursued Catherine. "Whatever the stars may say, you must promise them every success in whatever enterprise they may undertake. You must excite their highest hopes. Push them on in their mad career, that their plans may be developed. Catherine will know how to crush them."

"It shall be as your majesty desires," said the astrologer.

As the Queen and the astrologer still conferred, a loud knocking at the outer gate caused them to pause. Steps were heard ascending the hollow-sounding stair-case.

"I will dismiss these importunate visitors," said Ruggieri.

"No," said Catherine, "admit them; and if it be really they you expect, leave them alone after a time, and come, by the outer passage, to the secret cabinet: there will I be. I may have directions to give; and, at all events, the cabinet may prove useful, as it has already done."

Impatient knockings now resounded upon the panels of the door, and the Queen mother, hastily snatching up a black velvet mask and a thick black veil, which hung upon the back of her high carved chair, flung the latter over her head, so as to conceal her features almost as entirely as if she had worn the mask. Ruggieri, in the meantime, had pushed back a part of the panel of the oak wall, and when Catherine had passed through it into a little room beyond, again closed this species of secret door, so effectually that it would have been impossible to discover any trace of the aperture. The astrologer then went to open the outer door. The persons who entered, were two men whose faces were concealed with black velvet masks, commonly worn at the period both by men and women, as well for the purpose of disguise, as for that of preserving the complexion; their bearing, as well as their style of dress, proclaimed them to be young and of courtly habits.

The first who entered was of small stature, and utterly wanting in dignity of movement; and, although precedence into the room seemed to have been given him by a sort of deference, he turned back again to look at his companion, with an evident hesitation of purpose, before he advanced fully into the apartment. The young man who followed him was of tall stature, and so manly but graceful bearing. His step was firm, and his head was carried high; whilst the small velvet cap placed jauntily on one side upon his head, the light brown curling hair which was boldly pushed back from the broad forehead and

temples, according to the fashion of the times, seemed disposed as if purposely to give evidence of a certain gaiety, almost recklessness, of character. The astrologer, after giving them admittance, returned to his table, and sitting down, demanded what might be their bidding at that hour of the night! At his words the smaller, but apparently the more important of the two personages, made a sign to his companion to speak; and the latter, advancing boldly to the table, demanded of the old man whether he did not know him.

"Whether I know you or know you not, matters but little," replied the astrologer; "although few things can be concealed before the eye of science."

At these words the smaller young man shuffled uneasily with his feet, and plucked at the cloak of his companion. Ruggieri continued—"But I will not seek to pierce the mystery of a disguise which can have no control over the ways of destiny. Whether I know you or not, I recognise you well. Already have you been here to enquire into the dark secrets of the future. I told you then, that we must wait to judge the movements of the stars. Would you know further now?"

"That is the purpose of our coming," said the latter of the two young men to whom the office of spokesman had been given. "We have come, although at this late hour of the night, because the matter presses on which we would know our fate."

"Yes, the matter presses," replied the astrologer; "for I have read the stars, and have calculated the chances of your destinies."

The smaller personage pressed forward at these words, as if full of eager curiosity. The other maintained the same easy bearing that seemed his usual habit.

The astrologer turned over a variety of mysterious papers, as if searching among them for the ciphers that he needed; then, consulting the pages of a book, he again traced several figures upon a parchment; and at length, after the seeming calculation of some minutes, he raised his head, and addressing himself to the smaller man, said—

"You have an enterprise in hand, young man, upon which not only your own destinies and those of your companion, but of many thousands of your fellow creatures depend! Your enterprise is grand, your destiny is noble."

The young men turned to look at each other; and he, who had as yet not broken silence, said, with an eager palpitating curiosity, although the tones of his voice were ill assured—

"And what say the stars? Will it succeed?"

"Go on, and prosper!" replied the astrologer. "A noble course lies before you. Go on, and success the most brilliant and the most prompt attends you."

"Ha! there is, after all, some truth in your astrology, I am inclined to think!" said the first speaker gaily.

"Why have you doubted, young man?" pursued the astrologer severely. "The stars err not—cannot err."

"Pardon me, father," said the young man, with his usual careless air. "I will doubt no further. And we shall succeed."

"Beyond your utmost hopes. Upon your brow, young man," continued the astrologer, addressing again the smaller person, "descends a circlet of glory, the brilliancy of which shall dazzle every eye. But stay, all is not yet done. The stars thus declare the will of destiny; but yet, in these inscrutable mysteries of fate, it is man's own will that must direct the course of events—it is his own hand must strike the blow. Fatality and human will are bound together as incomprehensibly as soul and body. You must still lend your hand to secure the accomplishment of your own destiny. But our mighty science shall procure for you so powerful a charm, that no earthly power can resist its influence. Stay, I will return shortly." So saying, Ruggieri rose and left the room by the door through which the young men had entered.

"What does he mean?" said the shorter of the young men.

"What matters, Monseigneur?" replied the other. "Does he not promise us unbounded success? I little thought myself, when I accompanied you hither, that my belief in this astrology would grow up so rapidly. Long live the dark science, and the black old gentleman who professes it, when they lighten our path so brilliantly!"

"Let us breathe a little at our ease, until he returns," said he who appeared the more important personage of the two; and throwing himself into a chair and removing his mask, he discovered the pale face of a young man, who might have been said to possess some beauty, in spite of the irregularity of his features, had not the expression of that face been a marked and peevish look of weakness and indecision.

His companion followed his example in removing his mask, and the face thus revealed formed a striking contrast to that of the other young man. His complexion was of a clear pale brown, relieved by a flush of animated colour; his brow was fair and noble; his features were finely but not too strongly chiselled. A small dark mustache curled boldly upwards above a beautifully traced and smiling mouth, the character of which was at once resolute and gay, and strangely at variance with the expression of the dark grey eye which was more that of tenderness and melancholy. He remained standing before the other personage, with one hand on his hip, in an attitude at once full of ease and deference.

"Did I not right, then, to counsel you as I have done in this matter, my lord duke," he said to the other young man, "since the astrologer, in whom you have all confidence, promises us so unbounded success: and you give full credence to the announcement of the stars?"

"Yes—yes, Philip," answered the Duke, reclining back in his chair, and rubbing his hands with a sort of internal satisfaction.

"Then let us act at once," continued the young man called Philip. "The King cannot live many days—perhaps not many hours. There is no time to be lost. Henry of Anjou, your elder brother, is far away; the crown of Poland weighs upon his brow. You are present. The troops have been taught to love you. The Huguenot party have confidence in you. The pretensions of Henry of Navarre to the Regency must give way before yours. All parties will combine to look upon you as the heir of Charles; and now the very heavens, the very stars above, seem to conspire to make you that which I would you should be. Your fortune, then is in your own hands."

"Yes. So it is!" replied the Duke.

"Assemble, then, all those attached to your service or your person!"

"I will."

"Let your intention be known among the guards."

"It shall."

"As soon as the King shall have ceased to breathe, seize upon the gates of the Louvre."

"Yes," continued the Duke, although his voice so eager the moment before, seemed to tremble at the thought of so much decision of action.

"Declare yourself Master of the kingdom in full parliament."

"Yes," again replied the young Duke, more weakly. "But"—

"But what—Monseigneur!" exclaimed his companion.

"But," continued the Duke again, with hesitation, "if Henry, my brother should return—if he should come to claim his crown. You may be sure that our mother, who cares for him alone, will have already sent off messengers to advertise him of Charles's danger, and bid him come!"

"I know she has," replied Philip coolly. "But I have already taken upon myself, without Monseigneur's instructions, for which I could not wait, to send off a sure agent to intercept her courier, to detain him at any price, to destroy his despatches."

"Philip! what have you done?" exclaimed the young Duke, in evident alarm. "Intercept my mother's courier! Dare to disobey my mother! My Mother! You do not know her then?"

"Not know her?" answered his companion. "Who in this troubled land of France does not know Catherine of Medicis, her artful wiles, her deadly traits of vengeance! Shake not your head, Monseigneur! You know her too. But, Charles no more, you will have the crown upon your brow—it will be yours to give orders: those who will dare to disobey you, will be your rebel subjects. Act, then, as king. If she resist, give orders for her arrest!"

"Arrest my Mother! Who would dare to do it?" said the Duke with agitation.

"I."

"Oh, no—no—La Mole! Never would I take upon myself!"

"Take upon yourself to be a King, if you would be one," said the Duke's confident with energy.

"We will speak more of this," hastily interposed the wavering Duke.

"Hush! some one comes. It is this Ruggieri!"

In truth the astrologer re-entered the room. In his hand he bore a small object wrapped in a white cloth, which he laid down upon the table; and then turning to the young men, who had hastily reassumed their masks before he appeared, and who now stood before him, he said—

"The sole great charm that can complete the will of destiny, and assure the success of your great enterprise, lies there before you. Have you no enemy whose death you most earnestly desire, to forward that intent?"

The young men looked at each other; but they both answered, after the hesitation of a moment—

"None!"

"None, upon whose death depends that turn in the wheel of fate that should place you on its summit!"

Both the young men were silent.

"At all events," continued the cunning astrologer, "Your destiny depends upon the action of your own hands. This action we must symbol forth in mystery, in order that your destiny be accomplished. Here—take this instrument," he pursued, producing a long gold pin of curious workmanship, which at need might have done the task of a dagger, "and pierce the white cloth that lies before you on the table."

The Duke drew back, and refused the instrument thus offered to him."

"Do I not tell you that the accomplishment of your brilliant destiny depends upon that act?" resumed Ruggieri.

"I know not what this incantation may be," said the Duke. "Take it Philip."

But La Mole, little as he was inclined to the superstitious credulity of the times, seemed not more disposed than his master to lend his hand to an act which had the appearance of being connected with the rites of sorcery, and he also refused. On the reiterated assurance of the astrologer, however, that upon that harmless blow hung the accomplishment of their enterprise, and at the command of the Duke, he took the instrument into his hand, and approached it over the cloth. Again, however, he would have hesitated, and would have withdrawn; but the astrologer seized his hand before he was aware, and, giving it a sharp direction downwards, caused him to plunge the instrument into the object beneath the cloth. La Mole shuddered as he felt it penetrate into a soft substance, that, small as it was, gave him the idea of a human body; and that shudder ran through his whole frame as a presentment of evil.

"It is done," said the astrologer. "Go! and let the work of fate be accomplished."

The pale foreheads of both the young men, visible above their masks, showed that they felt they had been led further in the work of witchcraft than was their intention; but they did not expostulate. It was the Duke who now first rallied, and throwing down a heavy purse of coin on the table before the astrologer, he called to his companion to follow him.

Scarcely had the young men left the apartment, when the pannel by which Catherine of Medicis had disappeared, again opened, and she entered the room. Her face was pale, cold, and calm as usual.

"You heard them, Ruggieri!" she said, with her customary bland smile. "Alencon would be king, and that ambitious fool drives him to snatch his brother's crown. The Queen-mother is to be arrested, and imprisoned as a rebel to her usurping son. A notable scheme, forsooth! Her courier to recall Henry of Anjou from Poland has been intercepted also! But that mischance must be remedied immediately. Ay! and avenged. Biragne shall have instant orders. With this proof in my possession, the life of La Mole is mine," continued she, tearing in twain the white linen cloth, and displaying beneath it a small wax figure, bearing the semblance of a king, with a crown upon its head, in which the gold pin was still left sticking, by the manner in which this operation was performed. "Little treasure of vengeance, thou art mine! Ruggieri, man, that plot was acted to the life. Verily, verily, you were right. Charles dies; and troubled and harassed will be the last hours of his reign."

## RESULTS OF THE LATE (BUT NOW RESTORED) ADMINISTRATION.

Though the period of its rule has not been eventful in deeds of war, nor disturbed by revolution, Sir Robert Peel's administration has had an extraordinary influence on the progress of opinion in this country, and therefore on the progress of mankind.

Foremost, because the most obvious among its tangible results, may be placed the changes which have been effected in the national economy. Upon entering office, the Government found depression of trade, dear corn, deficient revenue. After Sir Robert Peel's accession, the sun shone out brightly: corn abounded; trade revived; there was a surplus revenue; and prosperity, individual as well as national. Much was there of luck in this change from adverse to propitious seasons; much, however, was due to the bold financial arrangements which put a screw upon the revenue, checked the decline, and forced a surplus. Striking experiments were attempted in a kind of modified free trade.



They were eminently successful; generally fulfilling the expectations of benefit, dispelling the fears of injury to particular interests. The prosperity intoxicated the commercial class; and in the madness of the moment railway speculations assumed the most extravagant and dangerous shape. That mania was a new peril: it and its antidotes were not down in the books; the Government showed itself not at all prepared to cope with the difficulty; and the prosperity is now threatened with a reaction. Simultaneously with the last change the sky itself becomes cloudy; dearth is apprehended; a double panic, of the money and provision markets, seizes the people; "distress" is at hand, and perhaps deficiency of revenue. At this juncture, the Premier proposes, what the active portion of the people loudly demand—a further and sweeping extension of the Free trade policy; and, as a pledge of the importance which he attaches to that step, rather than continue the Ministry, counteracted by hostile colleagues he resigns. There is a burst of indignation at such "inconsistency" in a Minister who was called to power by the Protectionist party. The "inconsistency" is evident enough on a superficial view, and it is easy to dilate upon that; though not very profitable, if our wish is, not to vituperate, but to form just estimates. A Minister owes a higher fealty to his country than to his party. Those who lay too much on the technical crime of party-desertion, should not forget, that just before he took office, Sir Robert Peel distinctly recognized the possibility that it might be necessary to alter the Corn laws; but he said that the change ought to be executed by a Government having the confidence of the country; and later he distinctly refused to pledge himself even to the existing Corn law. Those who take a broader view of his conduct, seeking neither to aggravate nor to extenuate, will not attach more weight, however, to the technical reservation than to the technical fault. In a national and historical point of view, the praise or blame to be awarded to the individual is of small moment; but it is of some importance to understand the working of character in its effect on the progress of the country.

It is true that Sir Robert Peel has departed from the general tenour of his earlier career; true that he entered office to form this particular Administration partly upon the strength of a dislike to free trade prevalent among the constituencies that gave him his majority, and that his latest policy is the reverse of that which he was expected to enforce. It is equally true, however, that he is above the reach of mere corrupt motives to treachery. Of wealth, political power, high station, he had enough to cloying. He had nothing to gain by dishonesty. The key to his conduct must be sought elsewhere. Sir Robert Peel entered life as a Tory. He is a man not readily moved—of strong feelings, probably, but slow. He is eminently a "practical" man; seldom if ever reverting to first principles, those pale-stars of conduct. He does so only on great emergencies, and with hesitating distrust. He is the antipodes of St. Just, who always had a constitution ready in his pocket: Sir Robert Peel would have constitutions grow up by the slow accretion of national experiences. On the other hand, he has too much strength and vigour of mind to be bound by prejudice, which stands in inferior minds in lieu of some first principle. He entered political life before his political education was completed: his schoolroom has been the national council chamber, and he has been all his life a student. Many who began as he did would resist subsequent convictions, and would sacrifice their better understanding to a show of "consistency": Sir Robert Peel has acted up to his convictions as he from time to time acquired them, and has attested the honesty of his purpose by the peremptory manner of sacrificing the immediate object of his ambition—the power of place. To apply this analysis of his public character to the subject in hand—free trade. For years he has had increasing mistrust of the Corn laws; he is now convinced that they must go, and he sacrifices power to his conviction. The principles of free trade had been already asserted "in the abstract," with official sanction: "to buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest," is the maxim avowed by Sir Robert Peel; and Sir James Graham holds principles of free trade to be identical with "common sense." Those declarations removed the principles from the field of controversy. Now, by his last step, Sir Robert Peel has removed the great practical application of those principles from the field of controversy: it has diminished to a matter of Ministerial difficulty and arrangement. That is the immensely advanced position whence Free Trade starts at Christmas 1845.

On matters of not less vital if of less obvious importance, opinion has also made great progress. Religious "toleration," once the boast of the Whigs, is superseded by religious equality—not yet complete, but far advanced. The opprobrium of Protestant government in Ireland—an affectation of refusing to recognize the Roman Catholic hierarchy—has been discontinued. Appointments have been made without distinction of creed. In England we see similar liberality in the distribution of patronage; and if the advance beyond the Whig party in promoting education is not very large, be it remembered that the advance is made in the name of a party that once resisted every effort to further popular education. From being a drag upon the Whigs in that behalf the quondam Tories have become an example to them. Again, the claims of "the people" and of the poor to equal rights with the "upper" and middle class, in recreation and attention to material comfort, have never been more emphatically recognized. Few tangible results have yet been attained; but the starting point has been widely moved forward. Maxims that once were extravagancies of Liberalism, if not of Republicanism, have now become the truisms of all parties.

The practice of official administration has not retrograded—has not become less liberal; while the reforms of the Liberals have been improved upon. The Liberals got rid of much arbitrary conduct, especially in the law departments of Government. When the cry was to keep in the Whigs that they might "keep out the Tories," it used to be predicted that there would be a return to the virulent oppressive spirit of another reign. The alarm was especially sounded in regard to Ireland. To a well meaning English gentleman then sitting in Parliament for an Irish constituency, who lectured us in our own columns for refusing to be alarmed, we answered, "Time is stronger than Toryism": for we saw that the days of "ascendancy" had departed for ever; and we knew that no Minister—least of all, a cautious and watchful observer of the times, like Sir Robert Peel—durst attempt to revive the practice of an odious and exploded policy, even if he had been inclined to it. The event has justified our faith. No period of milder administration is to be found in British history than the last four years. When it was deemed necessary to appeal to the law, whether in Ireland or England, it was done in a spirit of leniency and fairness. Such was the case even in Ireland, as to the inception of the proceedings in the great State trials; though they suffered from mismanagement in the details. In England and Wales, the generous forbearance of the Attorney-General of the time extorted a tribute of admiration from opponents. A similar spirit has prevailed, as the rule, in the other departments of Government. One discreditable exception must be noted for the sake of truth—

Sir James Graham's conduct in the case of Mr. Mazzini. There has been a singular absence of *jobbing*.—unless we record the sacrifice of Rowland Hill to the Maberly-Lowther influence at the Post office, as a kind of inverted *jobbing*. Even in the bestowal of "honours" a decorous parsimony has been observed; contrasting remarkably with the profusion of the preceding Ministers down to the very last days of their nominal possession of office. Only two new Peers have been created,—Lord Stanley, whose elevation to the Upper House was but an anticipation of his birthright for a convenience of Ministerial distribution; and Lord Metcalfe, whose creation was on every account a credit to Ministers, not a charge against them. There has been one promotion to a higher rank in the Peerage—that of Lord Ellenborough, the Duke of Wellington's friend and client. Lord Ashburton might have expected equal honour for a greater service; but a dead set was made against him by enemies, he had no peremptory friend at court, and Mr. Home was more just with the thanks of the Commons to a Conservative employé, little liked on the Liberal benches, than Sir Robert Peel with the Crown's customary compliment to the successful diplomatist of his own appointment. This refusal was not a merit, but a weakness, cognate to that which made Sir Robert Peel a consenting party to Mr. Rowland Hill's dismissal from the Post office, although he felt it necessary to stay his private conscience by a contribution of ten pounds towards the "national testimonial."

A flagrant neissance has been abated. A vulgar canting use of the Queen's name had grown to an every day habit of the "loyal Liberals," as hazardous to the regal position as it was false to the principles of our limited monarchy. The Crown was most "unconstitutionally" identified with its Ministers. They boasted themselves to be "the Queen's friends"; the approval of "the Queen" was held out as the premium for fulfilling their behests, her displeasure threatened as the penalty for opposition; the suffrages of the electors were begged "in the name of the Queen." The sycophants of the party were not deterred from the abuse even by the odious and revolting scandals to which it gave rise, in the spirit of party retaliation. That unmanly abuse ceased with the departure of the Whigs from office. For the last four years, the Sovereign has been treated with respect, but without adulation. Such is the force of the new habit, that throughout the whole of the crisis not yet terminated, the name of the Queen has not been mentioned in any undue sense; but the discussion has very properly been fixed on the Ministers *in esse* and *in posse*.

The administration in Ireland was of a checkered aspect, but favourable in the main. Lord De Grey's somewhat pragmatical display was supported by no efficiency, and it exposed his authority to ridicule. The great trials were not conducted with judgment sufficient to overpower the unceasing exertions to embarrass the Government. Lord Heytesbury's quieter rule has been more efficient. But the Ministers were without a party in Ireland. The Irish Liberals—little resembling the English except in name—have not learned the change that has occurred in the nature of English parties: they still fancy the Conservatives to be the "Tory" party represented by their own Orangemen: "Id metuens, veterisque memor belli," they were indomitably wild, and would not be conciliated. On the other hand, the Irish Tories, if not altogether unchanged, were enemies instead of allies to the new Conservatives. The late Ministers were obliged to govern Ireland without a party in that island; and it was little to be wondered that they had yet so much way to make in conquering difficulties. Yet some way was made—witness the history of the Bequests Act and of the Colleges.

In Scotland Ministers incurred, and deserved, some odium. In trying to evade the difficulties of the Free Church schism, they more embroiled the fray; and in refusing to abolish religious tests in the Universities, they were inconsistent with their own main policy and with justice.

The Colonies, a few excepted, were a worse nest of grievances than ever. But even in this department the personal influence of the Premier was usefully felt. He effectually supported Sir Charles Bagot and his generous policy towards the French Canadians, against the arbitrary indiscretion of Lord Stanley and the Duke of Wellington. In New Zealand, he saved Lord Stanley from the last humiliation of being driven out of office by the New Zealand Company; but he disarmed his colleague from further mischief, by superseding him in the affair, and turning it over to Mr. John Lefevre. Sir Robert Peel's Government failed in Colonial administration, except when he attended to the business himself.

Abroad, peace was established instead of contest on the boundary of New Brunswick, in China, Afghanistan, Syria, and France,—a *spirit* of peace, hating war; and that more peaceful spirit even now avails us in the councils of those countries where some warlike hearts still lurk among sections of the people.

Such are the prominent facts by which the future historian will judge Sir Robert Peel's Administration. It has been marked by a decided, a vast progress in rational Liberalism. By newly organizing the party representing the spirit of Conservatism so as to accord better with the spirit of the times, Sir Robert Peel broke up the old Tory party. Alone he did it. But he has also incidentally broken up the old Whig position: by bringing forward the main body of the quondam Tories to the advanced post of the Whigs, he has disorganized that other party; and if it wish to retain a distinctive character, it will be obliged to assert a far more decidedly Liberal policy than it has ever yet done. Thus, the general result is, that the position of the country in the winter of 1845 is greatly in advance of that to which it had attained in the autumn of 1841.—*London Spectator*.

### Miscellaneous Articles.

#### IMPENDING DESTRUCTION OF A VILLAGE.

The calamities glanced at in a former Occasional Note from which Great Britain is exempt, occur nowhere so frequently as in Switzerland. This, without doubt, the most picturesque country in Europe, pays dearly for her beauty in the destructive catastrophes to which she is subject; thus bearing out a favourite line by a French poet, signifying that 'the loveliest things have the vilest destinies.' In this beautiful but unfortunate land avalanches of snow, torrents of ice (which glaciers truly are), inundations of rivers, and the fall of huge rocks, sweep away not only the produce, but the inhabitants of valleys, and convert villages and towns into ruins. Not long ago the little town of Pleurs, comprising 2430 inhabitants, was buried under rocky masses suddenly detached from Mount Conto; and Goldau still lies hidden under a portion of Mount Ruisberg. At present, Felsberg, another village, is daily expected to be swallowed up; and its destiny is so certain, that its inhabitants remain in it at the risk of their lives. An appeal in their behalf is going the round of the continental papers, to which we are anxious to give further currency.

The traveller, whilst ascending the Rhine, and whose destination is Coire,

the capital of the Grisons, having passed Reichenau (in the castle of which the present king of the French was once an assistant schoolmaster, and where Dr. Zschokke presided in the early years of his career), perceives, opposite to Ems, the church steeple of a village, surrounded by meadows, and half-concealed by orchards. This is Felsberg, or the 'Mountain of Rock.' It is situated between the left bank of the river and the southern base of Mount Calanda. The rock, which supplies Felsberg with its name, is about 600 feet in height, and forms the base only of the mountain; for above it the well-wooded brow of the Calanda rises to a further elevation of 8000 feet. At a distance, the situation of this village appears everything that human imagination could desire; but a nearer approach reveals the awful fact, that the place, with all it contains, is in hourly danger of destruction. Already huge blocks of stone, which have rolled violently down from the steep sides of the mountain, are seen close to the houses, under the trees, and in the midst of the fields. Looking upward, an enormous mass, sufficient to entomb a large city, topples over the village, and is so nearly disengaged from the rest of the mountain, that it is by no means improbable that before these pages meet the public eye, Felsberg will have been crushed under its overwhelming fall!

Various efforts have from time to time been made to postpone the catastrophe; but now competent engineers have decided that further efforts are of no avail. The most threatening part of the mountain has separated itself from the rest, and inclines fearfully forward over Felsberg. The chasm thus formed has been intersected with horizontal props and girders, so that the one side may be made to support the other. But other chasms are constantly opening in consequence of the incessant disintegration that is going on. The largest of these is already almost a thousand feet deep and ten feet broad. The inhabitants, who for ten years have resisted all sense of fear from the dangers with which they have been threatened, are now at length, by the persuasions of their minister, disposed to remove from the doomed village.

But, alas! now that they are brought to this point, it is found that they have nowhere to go to. The district immediately adjacent offered an asylum; but one spot had no water, whilst another was constantly subject to the inundations of the Rhine. In this dilemma, the people of Felsberg supplicated the neighbouring communities to grant them shelter. Ems was willing to receive them, but on a condition which could not be complied with. Ems is a Catholic city, the people of Felsberg are Protestants, and the former would only shelter them on condition of their becoming Roman Catholics. Coire, where they afterwards applied, was more tolerant; but social and political difficulties, of too complicated a nature to be explained here, prevented that negotiation from succeeding. Finally, however, after numerous discussions, a suitable locality has been found; but the obstacle which prevents the unfortunate people from taking possession of it, is no less formidable than those they were unable to surmount. To obtain the desired spot, and to construct upon it a new village, the Felsbergians required money. They are poor; and if public sympathy does not step in with sufficient force and promptitude to provide the necessary funds, they will be constrained to remain where they are till the rock sink them out of the reach of further help. Should this happen, the affluent throughout all Europe will be for ever disgraced. Although in every nation cases of home-distress demand our first attention, yet after those are relieved, surely there will be some to spare to rescue a whole community in a foreign land from destruction. The people of the Grisons have already made noble sacrifices to aid their endangered neighbours, but out of their poverty enough could not be expected to effect the desired object. The government of the district has addressed circular letters to the authorities of the twenty-one cantons, in the hope of moving their pity and obtaining their aid. In Germany, concerts have been given, the proceeds of which have been forwarded to the Felsberg fund; and in Paris a subscription has been opened at the office of the Swiss legation.

#### THE LANSDOWN TOWER.

The sale of a portion of the treasures collected at Lansdown Tower by the late W. Beckford, Esq. has excited considerable interest in the neighbourhood of Bath and Bristol, during the present week. We understand that nearly all the treasured objects for which Mr. Beckford especially cared, have been removed either to Lansdown Crescent or Hamilton Palace; but, notwithstanding this fact, the keenest competition has prevailed for the possession of the remaining articles. We cannot afford space to enumerate the admirably arranged Assyrian, Greek, Indian, Roman, Portuguese, Spanish, German, French, and British coins, or the vast collection of medals; neither can we even glance at the books, drawings, and thousands of choicest prints; but we must linger for a moment at the gems flash on our remembrance. Diamonds of the purest water, and of all colours, pink, yellow, violet, and jet black; rubies which almost realized the fiction of shedding light amidst darkness; a string of pearls, the sight of which rendered the matter-of-fact Mr. Rundel poetical—for it is said that he used the Persian metaphor, describing them as the condensed essence of moonbeams; agents in all parts of the world had a knowledge of this celebrated string of pearls; their form and lustre were registered, and when a corresponding bead was in the market, whatever the price might be, it was certain to become Mr. Beckford's. We can imagine those pearls to be worn at some court drawing room by his grand-daughter, the Princess Marchioness of Douglas. The tower alone was sold on Monday for £4,400; and with the gardens, brought 8,415 guineas. It was, however, rumoured that the tower was bought in, and, without any positive knowledge on the subject, we rather think this was the fact; for we know that the estimated value of the fixtures left in the tower was £1,444. The garden cost £15,000, and the land £3,000; so that, at the very lowest calculation, the property must have cost Mr. Beckford £23,000. The total amount realized by the sale of the pictures on Tuesday was nearly £3,000. The wonder of the collection, to our minds, was Walckenberg's picture of the building of Babel, formerly in King Charles's collection. A powerful magnifying glass was needful to descry all the details of this most extraordinary painting. The tower itself was made to appear stupendous from the diminutive figures employed in its construction. It would be impossible to designate the style of architecture, except we are permitted to say that it was conventional. The surrounding country, intersected by rivers and canals, are crossed by a vast number of bridges, and countless multitudes throng every portion of the landscape. Camels, loaded with material, in long file and patient stateliness, are proceeding towards the base of that gigantic tower; barges, burdened with stone and timber, almost choke up the numerous streams; and moving figures, in all directions, seem to be labouring as if their life depended on the effort. Various exhibitions of very curious machinery are detailed so accurately, that wood, iron, and brass are definitely marked; some of the rulers and overlookers of this most awful instance of human crime are sumptuously arrayed and decked with chains of gold and jewels. As a curiosity, this gem was coveted for a museum; but it went beyond pro-

vincial means, and was cheap at the price paid for it—130 guineas. When Mr. Beckford gave his order for this purchase, he said, "Buy it, although the price should be as high as the tower itself." We forbear to give the names that will in future be associated with these pictures: for, as agents were generally employed, it was difficult to ascertain for whom they bid. The King of Bavaria, the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia, the Duke of Braufort, the Marquis of Lansdowne, the Marquis of Northampton, the Earl of Harrington, Earl de Grey, the Earl of Shrewsbury, Lord Northwick, General Sir William Davy, Mr. Charles Maude, Mr. Chaplin, and Mr. Hume, it was rumoured, had made purchases.—*Bath and Cheltenham Gazette.*

#### NATURALIZATION OF THE FUCHSIA IN ENGLAND.

Mr. Shepherd, the respectable and well-informed conservator of the Botanical Gardens, at Liverpool, gives the following curious account of the introduction of that elegant little flowering shrub, the fuchsia, into our English green-houses and parlour windows:—Old Mr. Lee, a nurseryman and gardener, near London, well known fifty or sixty years ago, was one day showing his variegated treasures to a friend, who suddenly turned round to him and declared, "Well, you have not in your collection a prettier flower than I saw this morning at Wapping." "No! and pray what was this phoenix like?" "Why, the plant was elegant, and the flowers hung in rows like tassels from the pendant branches: their colour the richest crimson: in the centre a fold of deep purple," and so forth. Particular directions being demanded and given, Mr. Lee posted off to Wapping, where he at once perceived that the plant was new in this part of the world. He saw and admired. Entering the house, he said, "My good woman, this is a nice plant: I should like to buy it." "I could not sell it for no money, for it was brought me from the West Indies by my husband, who has now left again, and I must keep it for his sake." "But I must have it." "No, sir!" "Here," emptying his pocket, "here are gold, silver, copper." (His stock was something more than eight guineas.) "Well a-day! but this is a power of money, sure." "'Tis yours, and the plant is mine; and, my good dame, you shall have one of the first young ones I rear to keep for your husband's sake." "Alack, alack!" "You shall, I say, by Jove!" A coach was called, in which was safely deposited our florist and his seemingly dear purchase. His first work was to pull off and utterly destroy every vestige of blossom and blossom-bud; it was divided into cuttings which were forced in dark-beds and hot-beds; were re-divided and sub-divided. Every effort was used to multiply the plant. By the commencement of the next flowering season, Mr. Lee was the delighted possessor of 300 fuchsia plants, all giving promise of blossom. The two which opened first were removed into his show house. A lady came: "Why, Mr. Lee, my dear Mr. Lee, where did you get this charming flower?" "Hem! 'tis a new thing, my lady. Pretty, is it not?" "Pretty! 'tis lovely. Its price?" "A guinea; thank your ladyship," and one of the two plants stood proudly on her ladyship's boudoir. "My dear Charlotte, where did you get," &c. "Oh! 'tis a new thing; I saw it at Old Lee's. Pretty, is it not?" "Pretty! 'tis beautiful! Its price?" "A guinea; there was another left." The visitor's husband smoked off to the suburb; a third flowering plant stood on the spot whence the first had been taken. The second guinea was paid, and the second chosen fuchsia adorned the drawing room of her second ladyship. The scene was repeated as new comers saw and were attracted by the beauty of the plant. New chariots flew to the gates of old Lee's nursery ground. Two fuchsias, young, graceful, and bursting into healthy flower, were constantly seen on the same spot in his repository. He neglected not to gladden the faithful sailor's wife by the promised gift; but, ere the flower season closed, 300 golden guineas clinked in his purse, the produce of the single shrub of the widow of Wapping, the reward of the taste, decision, skill, and perseverance of old Mr. Lee.—*Sharpe's London Magazine.*

THE MONEY MARKET LEVIATHAN.—When the late Mr. Rothschild was alive, and business ever became flat and unprofitable in the Stock Exchange, the brokers and jobbers generally complained, and threw the blame upon this leviathan of the money market. Whatever was wrong was always alleged to be the effect of Mr. Rothschild's operations, and, according to the views of these parties, he was either bolstering up, or unnecessarily depressing, prices for his own object. An anecdote is related of this great speculator, that, hearing on one occasion that a broker had given very strong expression to his feelings in the open market on this subject, dealing out the most deadly anathemas against the Jews, and consigning them to the most horrible torments, he sent the broker, through the medium of another party, an order to sell £600,000 consols, saying—"As he always so abuses me, they will never suspect he is bearing the market on my account." Mr. Rothschild employed several brokers to do his business, and hence there was no ascertaining what in reality was the tendency of his operations. While perchance one broker was buying a certain quantity of stock on the order of his principal in the market, another would, at the same moment, be instructed to sell; so that it was only in the breast of the principal to know the probable result. It is said that Mrs. Rothschild tried her hand in speculating, and endeavoured by all her influence to get at the secret of her husband's dealings. She, however, failed, and was therefore not very successful in her ventures. Long before Mr. Rothschild's death it was prophesied by many of the brokers, that, when the event occurred, the public would be less alarmed at the influence of the firm, and come forward more freely to engage in stock business. They have, notwithstanding, been very much mistaken; for although several years have elapsed since his demise the intervening period, till the present railway speculation, has been one of most unexampled dullness. Now he is dead, many, no doubt wish he were alive again to impart activity to business, as well as to increase their own resources by the handsome commissions he was in the habit of paying.—*Physiology of London Business.*

CANAL OF THE ISTHMIUS OF PANAMA.—A Dutch paper states, that M. Marcoleta, envoy of the state of Central America is endeavouring to negotiate a loan in Europe, for the formation of a canal across the Isthmus of Panama. The scheme announced for the execution of this great enterprise, is the first we have seen which contains a distinct plan. The distance from sea to sea by the line proposed is 76 kilometres, or 47 miles. The height of the dividing ridge is 160 metres, or 520 feet, and it is proposed to carry a canal through it by a tunnel or a deep cut. If a tunnel is adopted, it will be 3½ miles long, 37 metres or 120 feet in height, including 23 feet of water in the canal, and its bottom will be 320 feet beneath the exterior summit. Its breadth is proposed to be 65 feet, the number of locks 34, and the cost is estimated at £1,760,000. If an open cut is preferred, its length will be 3½ miles, its depth from the summit 274 feet, and it will have 10 locks additional. The passage of 47 miles will consist of three sections—34 miles of canal from Panama to the



river Chagres, 5½ miles in the bed of that river, and 7½ miles of canal from the river to the Atlantic. M. Gorella, the engineer, estimates the entire expense at 130 millions of francs, or £5,200,000 sterling, and calculates that a ship could pass from sea to sea in 24 hours. A toll at the rate of 10 francs, or 8s. 4d. per ton, he thinks would suffice to pay all expenses and yield 5 per cent to the capitalists. The scheme is gigantic. A tunnel 3½ miles long, 120 feet deep, and 65 feet wide, is an undertaking without a parallel in the history of engineering; but the work involves nothing impracticable, and the question of expense is the only difficulty. If a civilised people like the British, French, Dutch, or Americans, possessed the country, the canal would soon be formed; but no body of capitalists, we imagine, will risk five millions on a scheme which is to be under the control of any of the perpetually changing governments of Spanish America. It should be executed under the sanction of all the great commercial states, and is an enterprise well worthy of their joint efforts. To prevent any power from perverting it to purposes of war or monopoly, the neighbouring territory should be declared neutral ground; the use of the canal should be interdicted to armed vessels; and the works might be put under the charge of a state like Holland or Sweden, too weak to defy the others by abusing its trust.—*Scotsman*.

**LITERARY CONJUROR**.—A few years ago an English gentleman and his friend were travelling through the woods in Ohio in search of plants, and had taken an Indian lad with them as guide. On one occasion the gentleman separated in the course of the day, though to no great distance. One of them finding some curious looking berries, which were quite unknown to him, sent them by the lad to his companion, with a note, written on leaf torn from his pocket book, with a lead pencil, specifying the number he had sent. The lad, tasting them, and finding them good, ate them all except two, which, with the note, he delivered; but the gentleman, missing the berries, reprimanded him for eating or losing them, and sent him back for some more. A second parcel was now forwarded, with the number of berries again marked on a slip of paper, as the gentleman wished to see how much the boy might be trusted; however he played the same trick with them, eating the greater part of them, and again brought only two. This behaviour procured him a good scolding; upon which the lad fell on his knees, and, in superstitious amazement kissed the paper. "I have found out," exclaimed he, "this paper is a great conjuror; it is a spirit, for it can tell you even what it did not see—for when I ate the last berries, I took care to hide the note under a stone, where it could not see anything; but even there it found out what I was doing—it is greater than a pow-wow."—*Tales of the North American Indians*.

**A MEXICAN LADY'S MANAGEMENT OF HER DRESS**.—I have never gone to the theatre without being surprised at the talent with which a Mexican belle pilots her way through the avenues of chairs in her box to that particular seat which is reserved for nightly use. Fashion having ordained that everybody shall not wear less than from seven to eleven petticoats, all starched to the highest degree, and rendered more balloon-like by mainstays of canvass equally stiffened, it is impossible for her safely to pass through any space less than five yards wide. But as four young ladies must slide between half a dozen chairs, not two feet apart, each is compelled to reduce that quart bottle of her dress to a half pint decanter, and that without deranging the general symmetry or disturbing the flowing outline. She, therefore, leaving the upper part of the dress to swell to its greatest extent, attaches firmly both hands to that part below the knee, and thus clasping it fore and aft, she glides through the projecting rocks of the chairs in question like a cutter working its way through the narrow passage of a reef, with canvass ten times its bulk swelling in the breeze, while the graceful craft itself is scarcely seen until it reaches the desired point in safety. When the Mexican belle has secured her place, the volume of dress rises at each side to an immense extent. She sits in the midst of fleecy hose, covered with gauze, in clouds of vapoury muslin, or many coloured silks, like Mr. Green's Vauxhall balloon. We see only a face, shoulders, and waist.—*Correspondent of the Times*.

**THE FATE OF A GAMBLER**.—The course of "Riley of Bath" is one not at all unsuited to our pages. The career of such a professor is a homily against this profession, and never had career so pointed a moral as his. But we are compelled reluctantly to give way to those who have better claim to the attention of our readers. Let it suffice to say that Riley lived a life of the most gorgeous luxury and extravagance—that he was the companion of sovereigns—that he squandered money with a profusion amounting to insanity, and won it by a good fortune that seemed connected with the supernatural; nor was he free from generous and daring sentiments. He on one occasion risked an entire colossal fortune on the hazard of the die against a Russian estate, the slaves on which he was desirous of restoring to freedom. He succeeded in his attempt, and accomplished his desire. Subsequently he ran a brief course of dazzling splendour; he lived in palaces, continued to play, became unlucky and found fortune, wealth, and friends desert him. At length the once possessor of millions was seen wandering through the streets of London naked, famished, and penniless; and finally he who had feasted Emperors, and fared sumptuously every day, died of absolute starvation in one of the miserable alleys of the great metropolis. Such is the course of a gambler!—*Church of England Quarterly Review*.

**A YANKEE TRADER**.—"I calculate I couldn't drive a trade with you to day?" said a true specimen of a Yankee pedler, as he stood at the door of a merchant in St. Louis. "I calculate you calculate about right, for you cannot," was the sneering reply. "Wal, I guess you needn't get huffy about it. Now, here's a dozen real genuine razor strops, worth two dollars and a half—you may have 'em for two dollars." "I tell you I don't want any of your trash, so you had better be going." "Wal, now, I declare! I'll bet you five dollars, if you make me an offer for them ere strops, we'll have a trade yet." "Done," replied the merchant, placing the money in the hands of a bystander. The Yankee deposited the like sum—when the merchant offered him a picayune for the strops. "They're yours," said the Yankee, as he quietly fobbed the stakes. "But," he added with great apparent honesty, "I calculate a joke's a joke, and if you don't want them strops, I'll trade back." The merchant's countenance brightened. "You are not so bad a chap, after all; here are your strops—give me the money." "There it is," said the Yankee, as he received the strops and passed over the picayune. "A trade's a trade—and now you're wide awake, in earnest, I guess the next time you trade with that ere pick, you'll do a little better than to buy razor strops." And away walked the pedler with his strops and his wager, amid the shouts of the laughing crowd.—*American paper*.

**MR. PARK, the sculptor, is at present engaged on a colossal statue of Campbell, the poet, which is intended to be erected in some conspicuous situation in Glasgow.**

**LAW OF SENIORITY IN RUSSIA**.—Nowhere, perhaps, is the rule of seniority more strictly kept. The state is divided into fourteen classes; every subject,

not a serf, is obliged to pass through the different grades of this hierarchy; and this system, rooted in the spirit of the nation, and perforce respected by the sovereign, is the sole guarantee by the country against despotism. I remember that, at the coronation of the Emperor Nicholas, at Warsaw, that monarch, desiring to oblige the Grand Duke Constantine, his brother, who had abdicated in his favour, wished to make the son of that prince a captain. The latter, however, was only sixth in order of seniority for that rank; and the emperor, to avoid wounding the susceptibilities of the other five, named all the six captains. Had he done otherwise the five would have resigned their commissions. \* \* \* To grant the meanest favour, the Emperor is obliged to have recourse to stratagem and subterfuge, continually swelling the ranks of the privileged bodies, and creating decorations which have no other object than the satisfying the exigencies of these functionaries, whose increasing number, with their rights of seniority, circumscribe his power within the narrowest limits. Thus, strange as it may seem, the autocrat cannot make such change in the personnel of his army—the great object of his solicitude is ambition—as can be made in France by any minister of war, the responsible agent of a constitutional government. Marshal Soult effects more reforms, gives away more commands, makes more promotions, and grants more rewards in one year than Nicholas in ten. Depriving a general or colonel of his command, in Russia, is an event which engrosses public opinion more largely than in France the dissolution of the chambers. Such cases are accordingly, very rare. \* \* \* It is consequently, in the class of functionaries, which constitutes a nation within the nation, that a Russian reforming sovereign would find invincible obstacles to his designs. The Emperor Alexander, who desired to endow his country with institutions more liberal and more in harmony with those of the other states of Europe, met with an opposition, from that cause which compelled him to abandon his civilizing views.—*Journey round the Chamber of Deputies*.

#### ENGLISH CELEBRITIES IN SOCIETY.

A London correspondent of the Boston Atlas, speaking of a recent theatrical performance for a benevolent object, in which Dickens, Jerrold, and other writers of celebrity, sustained parts, thus describes some of the prominent persons of the crowded audience which was present:

Prince Albert and his suit occupy, of course, prominent positions. The Prince, I may say, for the benefit of those who may be curious in such matters, is considered generally to be a handsome young man. His figure is, I think one of the finest I ever saw, but his features want more expression to please me. His hair is very light—his face pale and somewhat sickly-looking, and his eyes are of a light blue tint. The mouth indicates sweetness of disposition, and the upper lip is decked with a very light moustache. None of the pictures of him which I have yet seen give a true idea of him, and I do not know that I have helped to mend the matter.

That good-natured looking gentleman, with the blue coat, decorated with a star on his breast, is the Duke of Cambridge—and near him, also wearing a star, is a tall thin youth—Prince George, of Cambridge. The Duke looks like what he is—a lover of the good things of this world. He is the celebrated "dining-out Duke," who must be familiar to all the readers of "Punch." Like Prince Albert, he shows that the harmless merriment of our facetious friend has not raised his bile, for his face is radiant with good humor, and—good living. The Prince, his son, was once talked of as the future husband of the Queen, but his Royal Highness was sent out of the way, to prevent his falling in love with his cousin, which at one time he exhibited very significant symptoms of doing.

There is the late Premier, whose name, in connection with Mrs. Norton, occasioned, a few years ago, such a sensation in the fashionable world. He is evidently going down the vale of years, but is still a handsome man. He was married many years since, I believe, to Lady Caroline Lamb, the "Ianthe" of Lord Byron—but the match was not a happy one. Near him is the Honorable James McDonald.

Gracefully wrapped in voluminous folds of cloth of India manufacture, sits in a front box, His Highness DWARKANATH TAGORE, of whom, in my last despatches, I sent the Atlas some account. His swarthy, intellectual features, and dark flashing eyes, form a striking contrast with the light dresses and calmer optics of the fashionables by whom he is surrounded. The Baboo seems to be quite a lion, and many a rich and noble fair one in the Theatre is gracefully enveloped in one of the cashmeres, a splendid supply of which the Indian Millionaire brought with him to England as presents. Rich as are most of the individuals present, so immensely wealthy is Dwarkanath, that he could almost buy them up, if they were put into one lot for sale. His son, bright eyed and intelligent, sits near him, quite the pet of a bevy of beauties.

Do you see that lady in a side box, who is dressed, perhaps, in a plainer style than any one else in the house? Her face wears a very sweet expression, and seems so familiar, that, immediately on glancing at it, we involuntarily ask ourselves where could we have seen it before? What a noble forehead she has—how much expression is there in that finely curved lip! It is the Dowager Countess of Essex—her lord, the late Earl, having, a year or two since, paid the debt of nature. The Countess of Essex's history is in itself a romance of real life. An old friend of mine tells me that he remembers seeing her a dirty, shoeless, and stockingless girl, nursing a child at the door of a house in one of the obscurest lanes in Bristol. She was, in fact, a drabish maid of all work. But even then she was distinguished, by her sweet voice; and one day, as she was singing to the child she tended in the dingy alley, a gentleman, who casually passed by, was struck by the rich melody of her tones, and took it into his head to remove her from her obscure situation, educate her, and have her taught the rudiments of the vocal art.

The pupil well rewarded the benevolent gentleman's exertions; for ere many years had passed away, the name of Miss Stephens was well known all over the musical world. The Kitty Stephens of the dirty alley in Bristol, soon became the fascinating songstress of the metropolis, and stood, confessedly, without a rival. Her character was excellent—and amid a thousand temptations, she preserved her purity of mind and manners. The late Earl of Essex, on the death of his first wife—a dissipated, heartless votary of Fashion—sought her hand; and a coronet sparkled on the brow of Kitty Stephens. Into her new station, if she did not take to it connections which increased its influence, she carried virtues which adorned her position. The most rigid investigations, and the most envious attempts to defame her, could not find a speck on her character. Not long ago she became, by the death of Lord Essex, a dowager. Now, as one of the nobility of Great Britain, she sits, thinking little, it may be, of the time when she sang to the child, as bonnetless and shoeless, she paced the city thoroughfare.

**PEEL AND WELLINGTON.**—The following biographical sketches are taken from the recently published work of Dr. Carus, physician to the King of Saxony, who accompanied that monarch on his late visit to this country:—Sir Robert Peel.—Apparently fifty: the head well formed, strong, and tolerably large, exhibiting rather breadth than height. The relations of its three divisions, so far as one may judge by a general glance, and through the yet strong dark iron gray hair, tolerably good; the middle part, as is commonly the case with heads of even broader form, depressed. His features express much firmness, blended with something thoroughly prosaic, yet deeply intelligent. In conversation with men of elevated positions his manner is mildly deferential, and with others invariably refined, circumspect, and restrained. I noticed he was always dressed in black, with white neckcloth, and no orders of any kind. In his daily intercourse he is considered cold and proud, and without many personal intimate friends.—The Duke of Wellington. The very image of an old soldier. Still, deaf, but animated; we see at a glance that he must have been one, what we term a well-made, handsome man. The form of his head and face is oblong, the upper part not particularly expressive, but the forehead and back part tolerably high. White hair, still rather bushy when compared with others, and considering his age. The orbits of his eyes broad, and decidedly conveying the impression, the duke is to be considered as a man acting more from what he sees than what he hears,—an impression upon which his life forms the best commentary. I saw him generally in uniform, with various decorations. He led his own regiment at the review, and notwithstanding that at a few years since the windows of his house were broken by the mob, he seems still to be the man of the people, for whenever he was seen, we invariably heard, "The old duke, hurrah! hurrah for the old duke!"

### DIPLOMATIC CORRESPONDENCE ON THE OREGON QUESTION.

*To the House of Representatives of the United States:*

In compliance with the request of the House of Representatives, in their resolution of the 3d inst., I herewith communicate a report from the Secretary of State, with the accompanying correspondence which has taken place "between the Secretary of State and the Minister of the United States at London," and "between the government of Great Britain and this government, in relation to the country west of the Rocky Mountains, since the last annual message of the President" to Congress.

JAMES K. POLK.

Washington, Feb. 7, 1846.

*To the President of the United States.*

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, Washington, Feb. 5, 1846.

The Secretary of State, to whom has been referred a resolution of the House of Representatives of the 3d inst., requesting the President to communicate to that House, "so far as, in his opinion, is not incompatible with the public interest, all correspondence which has passed between the government of Great Britain and this government, or by or between any of the officers of said government, in relation to the country west of the Rocky Mountains, since the last annual message of the President to this House," has the honor to lay before the President the accompanying papers.

All which is respectfully submitted.

JAMES BUCHANAN.

*Mr. Buchanan to Mr. McLane.*

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, Washington, Dec. 13, 1845.

Sir, The President has received information, from a variety of sources, which he cannot disregard, that Great Britain is now making extensive warlike preparations. As her relations with all the powers of Europe, seem at present to be of a peaceful character, the prevailing and natural inference here is that these preparations look to a rupture with the United States on the Oregon question. It is of vast importance, that this government should, as early as possible, ascertain their true character. You are therefore instructed to embrace the first opportunity of bringing this subject to the Earl of Aberdeen, in such a manner as you may deem most expedient.

The President is also anxious to learn your own opinion upon this subject with the least practicable delay. I am, &c.

JAMES BUCHANAN.

Louis McLane, Esq., &c. &c. &c.

*Mr. McLane to Mr. Buchanan.*

LONDON, Jan. 3, 1846.

Sir,—I received on the 29th of December your despatch, dated the 13th of that month; and on the day following, I sought an interview with Lord Aberdeen, in order that, in conformity with your instructions, I might bring to his notice the warlike preparations making by Great Britain, and, if possible, ascertain their real character and object.

It will not escape you that upon such a subject it is not always easy to obtain very categorical answers, or entirely definite official information; and I did not doubt that a frank personal conference was the best, if not the only mode, of obtaining any satisfactory information whatever.

In introducing the subject, I adverted at the same time to the information the President had received from a variety of sources, of the extensive warlike preparations making by Great Britain, and the natural inference upon his part that in the present pacific state of the relations of Great Britain with all the powers of Europe, they could only look to a rupture with the United States on the Oregon question.

Lord Aberdeen said very promptly and frankly that it would be improper to disguise that, with the sincerest desire to avoid it, they were obliged to look to the possibility of a rupture with the United States; and that in such a crisis the warlike preparations now making would be useful and important; but he stated at the same time, very positively and distinctly, that they had no direct reference to such a rupture; and would have been made in the same way, and to the same extent, without regard to the relations of Great Britain and the United States.

He also adverted to the fact that such preparations as were actually making had been commenced before the relations between the United States and Great Britain had become as serious as they now appear to be, and therefore could not at that time have had any connexion with difficulties which had since grown out of the Oregon question. He thought, too, that the representations as to the extent of the preparations must have been exaggerated. He denied that they related particularly, as I had been informed, to a distant service; or that they were making any addition to the old form of marine. He stated that the most extensive and formidable parts of the preparations were the fortifications of the principal and exposed ports and stations, which he thought could hardly be supposed to guard against invasion from the United States; and to the increase of the number of steam vessels in lieu of the old craft, which it appeared other nations were about to adopt, and which he confessed he thought

a matter of doubtful policy. In short he assumed the preparations in progress to be only a part of a wise and prudent system of national defence and protection, and of preparing in time of peace for the exigencies of war, if it should unfortunately come from any quarter whatever; and he distinctly repeated his disclaimer that they had particular or direct reference to a rupture with the United States on the Oregon question, or any other ground.

In regard to my own opinion upon this subject, which the President has been pleased to desire, it is altogether probable that the possibility of other difficulties from other quarters in Europe

may have its influence in dictating the policy of the extensive preparations in progress in all parts of the kingdom; and, with unabated confidence in the frankness and straightforwardness of Lord Aberdeen, and without meaning to distrust in the slightest degree the sincerity of his disclaimers in our recent conversation, I do not think it ought to be assumed by any one that warlike preparations upon such a scale as that upon which they are undeniably making here could not have even an indirect reference to the possible contingency of a rupture with us. And at the same time it is perfectly obvious that they are in a great degree, and especially so far as they consist of an augmentation in the number of steam vessels and of the naval marine generally, precisely of the character to be the most appropriate and the most useful in a war with our country. I am not prepared to say, nor do I deem it necessary to decide, how far we have a right to expect an explicit disclaimer of the character and purposes of the warlike preparations now making by Great Britain under the circumstances. They may be the dictate of various motives of policy, and the result of many causes; and, without attempting to assign to each its particular influence, I am by no means prepared to admit that the apprehension of difficulties with the United States had no share in them; and it is very clear that if a rupture with the United States should grow out of her present difficulties, this country will be as fully and effectually prepared for it at all points, and for all possible purposes, as if that, and that alone, had been the object of all her warlike preparations. She will be in a situation to act and strike as promptly and signally as she could have been with her energies exclusively directed to that end; and I feel it my duty to add, that not to expect, in case a rupture becomes unavoidable, that this government, thus in complete armor, will promptly and vigorously exert her utmost power to inflict the utmost possible injury upon our country and all its interests, would not be doing justice to such a crisis.

I think it ought to be expected, indeed from all I learn I cannot doubt that, in case of hostilities, the aim of this government will be to strike its heaviest blow at the commencement, in the expectation of being thereby enabled to shorten the duration of the war.

I have the honor to be, &c.

LOUIS McLANE.

The Hon. James Buchanan, Secretary of State, Washington.

*Mr. Pakenham to Mr. Buchanan.*

WASHINGTON, Dec. 27, 1845.

An attentive consideration of the present state of affairs, with reference to the Oregon question, has determined the British government to instruct the undersigned, her Britannic Majesty's envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary, again to represent in pressing terms to the government of the United States the expediency of referring the whole question of an equitable division of that territory to the arbitration of some friendly sovereign or State.

Her Majesty's government deeply regret the failure of all their efforts to effect a friendly settlement of the conflicting claims by direct negotiation between the two governments.

They are still persuaded that great advantages would have resulted to both parties from such a mode of settlement, had it been practicable, but there are difficulties now in the way in that course of proceeding which it might be tedious to remove, while the importance of an early settlement seems to become at each moment more urgent.

Under these circumstances, her Majesty's government think that a resort to arbitration is the most prudent, and, perhaps, the only feasible step which could be taken, and the best calculated to allay the existing effervescence of popular feeling which might otherwise greatly embarrass the efforts of both governments to preserve a friendly understanding between the two countries.

The government of the United States will see in the proposal which the undersigned is thus instructed to make, a proof of the confidence of the British government in the justice of their own claim. They will also see in it a proof of the readiness of the British government to incur the risk of a great sacrifice for the preservation of peace and of their friendly relations with the United States. It is made in a spirit of moderation and fairness of which the world will judge.

The British government confidently hope that the government of the United States will not reject a proposal made with such a friendly intention, and for a purpose so holy.

There is nothing in it, they are convinced, not perfectly compatible with the strictest regard for the honor and just interests of both parties, particularly when it is considered of what small value to either is the portion of territory which in reality forms the subject of controversy, compared with the importance of preserving a state of peace and good will between two such nations.

The undersigned takes advantage of this opportunity to renew to the Hon. James Buchanan the assurance of his high consideration.

R. PAKENHAM.

The Hon. James Buchanan, &c. &c. &c.

*Mr. Buchanan to Mr. Pakenham.*

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, Washington, Jan. 3, 1846.

The undersigned, Secretary of State of the United States, has the honor to acknowledge the receipt of the note of Mr. Pakenham, her Britannic Majesty's envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary, dated the 27th ultimo, by which, under instructions from his government, he proposes to the government of the United States "the expediency of referring the whole question of an equitable division of that (the Oregon) territory to the arbitration of some friendly sovereign or State."

The undersigned has submitted this note to the President, who, after having bestowed upon it that respectful consideration so eminently due to any proposition emanating from the British government, has instructed him to give to it the following answer.

The British government do not propose to refer to arbitration the question of the title to the Oregon territory, claimed by the two powers, respectively. It is a proposition to refer to a friendly sovereign or State, merely the partition or "equitable division" of that territory between the parties. It assumes the fact that the title of Great Britain to a portion of the territory is valid, and thus takes for granted the very question in dispute. Under this proposition, the very terms of the submission would contain an express acknowledgment of



the right of Great Britain to a portion of the territory, and would necessarily preclude the United States from claiming the whole before the arbitrator. This, too, in the face of the note of the undersigned to Mr. Pakenham of the 30th August last, by which the President had asserted, in the most solemn form, the title of the United States to the whole territory. Even if there were not other conclusive reasons for declining the proposition, this alone would be deemed sufficient by the President.

The President heartily concurs with the British government in their regret that all attempts to settle the Oregon question by negotiation have hitherto failed. He cannot, however, concur with that government in the opinion that a resort to arbitration, and especially on the terms proposed, would be followed by happier consequences. On the contrary, he believes that any attempt to refer this question to a third power, would only involve it in new difficulties.

In declining this proposition, the President refers to the sentiment expressed in the note of the undersigned of the 30th August last, to which allusion has already been made, that he "cherishes the hope that this long-pending controversy may yet be finally adjusted in such a manner as not to disturb the peace, or interrupt the harmony now so happily subsisting between the two nations."

The undersigned avails himself of this occasion to renew to Mr. Pakenham assurances of his distinguished consideration. JAMES BUCHANAN.

Right Hon. Richard Pakenham, &c. &c. &c.

Mr. Pakenham to Mr. Buchanan.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 6, 1846.

The undersigned, her Britannic Majesty's envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary, has had the honor to receive the note of the Secretary of State of the United States, dated the 3d inst., in answer to that of the undersigned dated 27th ultimo, containing a proposal for referring the question of an equitable partition of the Oregon territory to the arbitration of some friendly sovereign or State.

The undersigned will take an early opportunity to transmit this communication to her Majesty's government.

The undersigned has the honor to renew to Mr. Buchanan the assurance of his distinguished consideration. R. PAKENHAM.

To the Hon. James Buchanan, &c. &c. &c.

Mr. Pakenham to Mr. Buchanan.

WASHINGTON, January 16, 1846.

With an anxious desire to contribute by every means in his power to a satisfactory conclusion of the question pending between the two governments respecting Oregon, the undersigned, her Britannic Majesty's envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary, has reflected on the contents of the note addressed to him on the third instant, by the Secretary of State of the United States, in answer to that which the undersigned had the honor to address to him on the 27th of last month.

The note of the undersigned proposed to the government of the United States, that the whole question of an equitable partition of the Oregon territory should be referred to the arbitration of some friendly sovereign or state.

In his answer, the Secretary of State informed the undersigned that his proposition could not be accepted. That it did not propose to refer to arbitration the question of the title to the Oregon territory claimed by the two powers respectively. That in proposing to refer to a friendly sovereign or state merely the partition or equitable division of the territory between the parties it assumes the fact that the title of Great Britain to a portion of the territory is valid, and thus takes for granted the very question in dispute. That under this proposition the very terms of the submission would contain an express acknowledgment of the right of Great Britain to a portion of the territory, and would necessarily preclude the United States from claiming the whole territory before the arbitrator; and this, too, the Secretary of State goes on to observe, in the face of his note to the undersigned of 30th August, by which the President had asserted in the most solemn form the title of the United States to the whole territory.

It is not the purpose of the undersigned in the present note to renew the discussion as to the title of either party, Great Britain or the United States, to the whole or to any part of the Oregon territory. He must, however, beg leave, with reference to the observation which he has just quoted, to remind the United States Secretary of State, that if the government of the United States have formally advanced a claim to the whole of the Oregon territory, it is no less certain that Great Britain has, in a manner equally formal, declared that she, too, has rights in the Oregon territory incompatible with the exclusive claim advanced by the United States.

This declaration, arising from a conviction equally sincere, will, the undersigned is persuaded, be viewed with the same consideration by the government of the United States, as they expect that their own declaration should receive at the hand of the Government of Great Britain.

This premised, the object of the undersigned in addressing to Mr. Buchanan the present communication is to ascertain from him whether, supposing the British government to entertain no objection to such a course, it would suit the views of the United States government to refer to arbitration, not, as has already been proposed, the question of an equitable partition of the territory, but the question of title in either of the two powers to the whole territory, subject of course to the condition that if neither should be found, in the opinion of the arbitrator, to possess a complete title to the whole territory, there should, in that case, be assigned to each that portion of territory which would, in the opinion of the arbitrating power, be called for by a just appreciation of the respective claims of each.

The undersigned has suggested a reference on the above principle to some friendly sovereign or state.

This the undersigned believes to be the course usually followed in such cases; it is that which has already been resorted to by the two governments, (and more than once.) But there may be other forms of arbitration, perhaps, more agreeable to the government of the United States.

There might be, for instance, a mixed commission, with an umpire appointed by common consent; or there might be a board, composed of the most distinguished civilians and jurists of the time, appointed in such a manner as should bring all pending questions to the decision of the most enlightened, impartial, and independent minds.

In the present position of affairs, and feeling how much the interests of both countries require an early as well as an amicable and satisfactory adjustment of existing difficulties, the undersigned earnestly invites the Secretary of State to take the subject of this note into consideration, with a view to such an arrangement on the principle of arbitration as may seem to the government of the United States to be most just, wise and expedient.

The undersigned takes advantage of this opportunity to renew to the Hon. James Buchanan the assurance of his high consideration.

To the Hon. James Buchanan, &c., &c., &c.

R. PAKENHAM.

Mr. Buchanan to Mr. Pakenham.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE.—Washington, 4th Feb, 1846.

The undersigned, Secretary of State of the United States, has the honor to acknowledge the receipt of the note of Mr. Pakenham, her Britannic Majesty's envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary, dated on the 16th ultimo, by which he again proposes a reference of the Oregon question to arbitration. Under his present proposition, the powers of the arbitrator would not, as in his last, be limited in terms to the division of the territory between the parties, but would extend to the question of their conflicting titles. There is, however, a condition annexed to this offer which exposes it to the same objection, in point of fact, if not in form, which was prominently presented in the answer of the undersigned to Mr. Pakenham's last proposal.

This condition is, "that if neither [party] should be found, in the opinion of the arbitrator, to possess a complete title to the whole territory, there should, in that case, be assigned to each that portion of territory which would, in the opinion of the arbitrating power, be called for by a just appreciation of the respective claims of each." If the government of the United States should consent to an arbitration upon such a condition, this might, and probably would be constructed into an intimation, if not a direct invitation, to the arbitrator to divide the territory between the parties. Were it possible for the President, under any circumstances, to consent to refer the subject to arbitration, the title, and the title alone, detached from every other consideration, is the only question which could be submitted.

If not confined to a single point, so strong is the natural disposition of arbitrators to please both parties, that in almost every instance, whether of national or individual controversies, they make a compromising award. We have a memorable example of this in our last arbitration with Great Britain. Notwithstanding that the arbitrator, under the terms of the submission, was clearly and explicitly confined to the decision of which was the line of highlands described in the treaty of peace of 1783, yet instead of pursuing any range of highlands whatever, he advised that the line should run along the bed of a river, and actually divided the territory in dispute between the parties by "the middle of the deepest channel of the St. John's."

The undersigned might content himself, in answer to the present proposition, with a reference to the observations contained in his last note to Mr. Pakenham of the 3d ultimo. In that, it was plainly intimated not only that there are "other conclusive reasons for declining the proposition," independently of the one which had been prominently stated, but it was expressly asserted as the belief of the President, "that any attempt to refer the question to a third power would only involve it in new difficulties."

The undersigned will, however, proceed to state a single reason which, apart from the intrinsic difficulty of selecting a suitable arbitrator, as well as other considerations that might be adduced, is conclusive on the mind of the President against a reference of this question to arbitration, in any form which can be devised, no matter what may be the character of the arbitrator—whether sovereign, citizen, or subject. This reason is, that he does not believe the territorial rights of this nation to be a proper subject for arbitration. It may be true, that, under peculiar circumstances, if the interests at stake were comparatively small, and if both parties stood upon an equal footing, there might be no insuperable objection to such a course. But what is the extent of territory in dispute on the present occasion? It embraces nearly thirteen degrees of latitude along the northwest coast of the Pacific, and stretches eastward to the summit of the Rocky Mountains. Within its limits several powerful and prosperous States of the Union may be embraced. It lies contiguous, on this continent, to the acknowledged territory of the United States, and is destined, at no distant day, to be peopled by our citizens. This territory presents the avenue through which the commerce of our Western States can be profitably conducted with Asia and the western coast of this continent; and its ports, the only harbour belonging to the United States to which our numerous whalers and other vessels in that region can resort. And yet, vast as are its dimensions, it contains not a single safe and commodious harbor from its southern extremity until we approach the 49th parallel of latitude.

It is far from the intention of the undersigned again to open the discussion of the conflicting claims of the two powers to the Oregon territory. It is sufficient for him to state the continued conviction of the President, that the U. States hold the best title in existence to the whole of this territory. Under this conviction, he cannot consent to jeopard for his country all the great interests involved, and by any possibility, however remote, to deprive the republic of all the good harbors on the coast, by referring the question to arbitration.

Neither is the territory in dispute of equal, or nearly, value to the two powers. Whilst it is invaluable to the United States, it is of comparatively small importance to Great Britain. To her, Oregon would be but a distant colonial possession of doubtful value; and which, from the natural progress of human events, she would not probably long enough enjoy to derive from its essential benefits; whilst to the United States it would become an integral and essential portion of the republic. The gain to Great Britain she would never sensibly feel; whilst the loss to the United States would be irreparable.

The undersigned is perfectly aware that such considerations can have no bearing upon the question of the title of either party. They are presented solely for the purpose of explaining the views of the President in his refusal to adopt any measure which should withdraw our title from the control of the government and people of the United States, and place it within the discretion of any arbitrator no matter how intelligent and respectable.

The President cordially concurs with the government of Great Britain in desiring that the present controversy may be amicably adjusted. Of this, he has given the strongest proof before the whole world. He believes that, as there are no two nations on the earth more closely bound together by the ties of commerce, so there are none who ought to be more able or willing to do each other justice, without the interposition of any arbitrator.

The undersigned avails himself of this occasion to renew to Mr. Pakenham the assurance of his high consideration. JAMES BUCHANAN.

Right Hon. RICHARD PAKENHAM, &c. &c.

The message and documents were ordered to be printed, and referred to the Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union.

Exchange at New York on London, at 60 days, 81-4 a 81-2 per cent. prem.

THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1846.

A good deal of anxious solicitude was manifested here on Monday last by the publication of the diplomatic correspondence supplied by the President to



Congress, and of which we have inserted a copy in our columns to-day. It was at first considered to be highly belligerent, and excited minds fancied that hostilities would be inevitable. To add to the agitation it was known that a fast sailing schooner was lying at the anchorage, well-manned and found, and intended to sail in the afternoon. The vessel indeed did so, and remained backing and filling until the arrival of the mail from Washington, after which she immediately made sail. There have been many conjectures as to the cause of chartering this vessel, but the fact as we believe, is that it is chiefly a newspaper speculation brought about by this exciting crisis, and that possibly a few merchants have availed themselves to take some share in it. Very probably too despatches have been forwarded both by Mr. Pakenham to the British Government, and by the United States Government to the American minister, but we have no sort of belief that the vessel was engaged in anticipation of the news sent by her.

On Tuesday, however, and every day since, the excitement has been abating, and now every one thinks that there is less probability of war than circumstances would allow since the troublesome question has been on the tapis. In the House of Representatives it is true the question of notice for abrogating the convention of 1827 has been carried by the large majority of 163 to 64; but the Resolutions to that effect are so worded as to leave ample room for further negotiation, and a very probable conclusion by peaceful means. Many of the Journals here speak openly and strongly against the course taken by Mr. Buchanan in the proceedings, whilst they laud that of Mr. Pakenham and of the British Government for the manner in which all has been conducted.

The following are the Resolutions of the House on the subject, and they are carried under the impression, by most of the voters, that the measure is one of directly peaceable tendency, as making it imperative on both sides to come to a final conclusion.

*Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled.* That the President of the U. States cause notice to be given to the Government of Great Britain that the convention between the U. States of America and Great Britain, concerning the territory on the northwest coast of America west of the Stony Mountains, of the 6th of August, 1827, signed at London, shall be annulled and abrogated twelve months after giving said notice.

*And he it further resolved,* That nothing herein contained is intended to interfere with the right and discretion of the proper authorities of the two contracting parties to renew or pursue negotiations for an amicable settlement of the controversy respecting the Oregon territory.

The intelligence from Mexico varies from day to day. Scarcely is Herrera fairly placed in the Presidential chair, ere a more martial character puts himself forward, and scarcely has Paredes, the successor, declared like a modern Sempronius "my voice is still for war," when up starts a third and resolves that Paredes shall not have it all his own way, for that he, Arista, will have a finger in the pie. In the midst of all this Yucatan discovers that she hangs a loose appendage to the southern extreme of Mexico, and is for trying a little independence for herself; and, to crown all, California is finding that she has hardly more than a nominal relation to Mexico, and she is open to an alliance with whomsoever bids most.

Unhappy New Spain; she, the daughter, has evidently been trained up in the school of her mother; she is prey to the schemes of demagogues, the victim of internal commotions, partly religious, partly political, and easily convertible into a tool by those who shall best know how to handle her. It does not appear, however, that Arista has made much head against Paredes, if indeed he have actually opposed himself to the warlike "Head of the Provisional Government;" all that is perfectly known of Arista's, statements is that "he has been foiled three times in his purpose of opening the war upon the Rio-Grande."

Paredes is exercising a sound discretion and praiseworthy economy in the outlay of the public money; this is reform in a quarter much requiring it.

The reports with regard to the treatment of Mr. Slidell are not found to be correct: he was not refused an escort, but his demand for one was first evaded and afterwards complied with.

There is no doubt that Yucatan has declared its independence; a national flag has been openly assumed, having a central blue stripe, containing five Stars.

**ST. DAVID'S DAY.**—The Anniversary of the tutelary Saint of the Cymri will this year fall on a Sunday, the Welsh Societies of this city will therefore hold their Commemoration on the following day. Apart from any one of these, however, there will be a festival held, at which it is expected that members of all the societies and of the Welsh nation resident here generally, will be found to assist. This local assembly will be termed that of the "National Cambrians," and at the feast, which is to be given with great splendour, it is intended to revive many of the old customs and hospitalities of the noble Cambrian nation; not only will there be solemn feasting, but the harp of the Cymri will be in great request, Welsh songs will be sung, and Welsh Druids in the ancient costume will form part of the ceremonials of the day. The hall will be embellished and honoured with a magnificent national flag, made for this especial purpose, according to the description of one given by the celebrated Samuel Rush Meyrick, whose work on ancient Armour, &c., is of the highest authority; in short, this commemorative day is to be celebrated in such a manner as will warm the heart of every Welshman now far from his native mountains, and will bind them together in stronger cords, if possible, than those which now enclose them in one family. The President on the occasion will be Robt. H. Morris Esq., formerly mayor of New York, and he will be ably supported by Vice Presidents of high respectability and influence in Society. We commend the advertisement—in our columns to-day—of this Association of gentlemen, to general attention.

## Music and Musical Intelligence.

**M. LEOPOLD DE MEYER'S CONCERTS.**—This justly celebrated artist has acquired a cognomen which is peculiarly appropriate, he is called "The Lion Pianist;" and whether we consider the immense power which he possesses, or the tremendous volume of sound which he puts forth in his performances, he entitles himself to be considered the King of his class. He gave a Concert at the Tabernacle on Thursday week, and another on Thursday last, on both of which occasions the place was crowded to excess, by persons who were astonished beyond measure at his extraordinary powers.

M. de Meyer has been ably and justly defended by a morning contemporary, against the charge alleged by some, that he cannot play the works of others so well as he can those of his own composition. He has been heard to play the works of great masters to the admiration of connoisseurs; but this is not his object, which is really that of creating astonishment, and truly he has succeeded beyond doubt. We have many excellent pianists who can play Hummel, and Hertz, and other great writers for the Piano, as well as he, but not one that can astonish as he can, and as by this means he makes most money, so to this means he deems it prudent to adhere.

We have had occasion ere now to remark on his "Marche Marocaine," his "Airs Russes," &c. and need not go over the same ground again; but his adaptation of the celebrated symphony by Felicien David "Le Desert" to two Pianofortes, and his performance of it, with the assistance of Mr. Geo. Loder, is a new feature, and the *astonishment*, mingled with delight, which prevailed exceeds our power of description. The accounts of this composition for a full orchestra, of which we read in the European journals, argue a complete *furor* there, and the attempt to embody the wonderful effects through the medium of two instruments both of the same quality of sounds, says as much for De Meyer's skill as a musician as for those of the practical artist. Mr. Geo. Loder undertook his difficult task at a notice so short as that of the morning of the concert, and therefore thought it necessary to bespeak the indulgence of the audience. He need not have done so, for he played his part in that very severe concertante with such vigour, taste, and precision as to gain himself loud applause though contending against the "lion artist;" at the conclusion they were both called forth, when M. de Meyer warmly shook hands with Mr. Loder, and presented him with a portion of the bouquets which were profusely thrown on the platform from all quarters of the house.

M. de Meyer proceeds southward now, and the ears of us Northerners cannot again be gratified thus for many a day.

**MR. DEMPSTER'S CONCERT.**—This chaste and pleasing singer of ballad music, gave a concert on Tuesday evening at the Tabernacle, which was filled to repletion; and another at Rutgers Institute on Thursday evening. Who is there, not familiar with the ballads and songs with which this gentleman has charmed the ear and moved the sympathies? It is with regret we learn that he is about to return to Europe: but we trust that it is not true that this continent "will know him no more."

\* \* We have just heard that the project of a Complimentary Concert is on foot in favor of Mr. Mc'Lachlan, the theatrical and musical editor of The Evening Mirror. We are informed that a numerous and active Committee are busy in this, being impressed with respect to him as an individual and as a gentleman, and with sympathy towards him for being as they think, unnecessarily dragged before the public upon a recent occasion. Furthermore we learn that tickets to a considerable amount are already sold, and that there is every probability that the compliment will be a substantial one. It will take place on Tuesday evening next at the Tabernacle.

\* \* It appears that we were in an error last week, as to the real M. Boucher whose concert we announced; that it was not M. Boucher the eminent violoncellist, but the Herr Boucher principal tenor of the late German opera. The concert however was postponed until this evening; and, to speak truth we are not sorry for the mistake, for it could not disparage the talents of the real giver of the concert, for which we have much respect, and it enabled us to pay a well-deserved compliment to an artist of much eminence, who is also himself a friend to art and artists, among whom as well as among numerous friends he is with justice cherished and respected.

## Fine Arts.

**INMAN GALLERY.**—This excellent and benevolent project is now in course of operation, and bids fair to realize all that was desired and expected in forming it. There are no fewer than 127 pictures in the Gallery, and there might have been half as many more, but that the executive Committee were under the necessity of declining them, from sheer want of room whereon to place them. We do not hesitate to say that never in this city was exhibited so great a number of fine works with so little of alloy among them; in fact there is scarcely any of the latter observable at all. It is true, and it necessarily must be the case that portraits greatly prevail in this gallery, but an exhibition in New York, of the works of a New York artist, cannot fail to be interesting, for the portraits themselves are for the most part of persons known or remembered by the visitors; or otherwise they are likenesses of those who have been eminent, notorious, or otherwise prominent in this community. But we would inform those who have not yet been to the Gallery that there are many other subjects, besides portraits, from the hand of this eminent artist, now in the exhibition. There are some beautiful landscapes, and several compositions which exhibit a most poetical fancy and an observant eye to nature.

We have no idea of giving a catalogue of this fine gallery, but we may mention a few of the most distinguished subjects, in each department of art



which are here to be found; they are the following; "Scenes from The Bride of Lammermoor," being the remarkable one near the end of the story in which Edgar Ravenswood, Lucy Ashton, her father, mother and brother, make so interesting a group;—"A Scottish Landscape" in which the celebrated Birnam wood occupies the back ground;—"An October Afternoon," which composition has for its subject the Sleepy Hollow of Washington Irving, with the school just dismissed, and the teacher, Ichabod Crane, locking the school house door; the scene is deliciously romantic and warm, the groups of children naturally and pleasingly disposed of, from the boys reading a romantic story to the grinning negro who is looking on with hatchet on shoulder;—"Rydal Water" a landscape of the celebrated picturesque lakes in the northwestern part of England;—"Rydal Falls" a charming cascade of the same vicinity;—"The News Boy" a most happy delineation of a character daily seen in this city;—"Mumble the Peg" a game well known to boys, and in which one of the figures has an air of intelligence and gentility, whilst the other is the representation of vanity and vulgarity; the former is a portrait of the artist's son;—"Sterne's Mania," this is a poor painting, but it is not without its interest, as it was executed in the artist's boyhood;—"A Woodland Scene" in Staten Island;—"The Boyhood of Washington" in which the future hero is seen interposing between two quarrelling companions;—"Trout Fishing in Sullivan Co.," the gem of the Gallery in this department, and the artist doubtless executed it *con amore*, for he was a keen sportsman as well as an enthusiastic admirer of nature;—"The lake of the Dismal Swamp";—"Rip Van Winkle awaking from his long sleep," a very charming composition;—"The Brigand" a pen and ink sketch, very beautiful;—"The Mask" a composition portrait; &c. &c.

In the list of portraits are to be found those of Ex-President Van Buren, Chief Justice Marshall, Chief Justice Jones, President Duer of Columbia College, Bishop Moore, Bishop White, Dr. Chalmers of Scotland, the Poet Wordsworth, The Lord Chancellor (Cottenham) of England, Thos. Babington Macauley, Col. Johnson, Colonel Fish, the celebrated artist Sully of Philadelphia, Mr. Rawle of Do., James J. Mapes, the late General Morton, J. L. Graham, Col. Webb, W. T. Porter, Charles F. Hoffman, the late Col. Rutgers, Dr. Mott, the late Henry Eckford, Jacob Barker, J. J. Audubon, Chief Justice Nelson, Edmund Simpson, Bishop Delancey, the late Stephen Price, the late Mr. Jarvis, under whom the artist studied his profession, Fitz Green Halleck, John Inman, Capt. Mackenzie U. S. N., Ex-Mayor Harper. &c. &c.; the ladies are not named in the catalogue except Mrs. Inman, Clara Fisher (now Mrs. Maeder) and Mdlle. Augusta.

In short, here is food for contemplation, matter for admiration, and the reflection to all visitors of this Gallery that whilst they are refining their taste, and cultivating many an interesting remembrance, they are both encouraging Art itself, and occupied in the highest virtue of the heart—Benevolence.

**ART UNION OF LONDON.**—In calling notice to this parent of "Art Unions" we by no means wish or intend to interfere with the property of the excellent institution of this nature existing in New York. Such institutions exist mainly, if not altogether, through the patronage of those who have greater or less abundant means for gratifying their taste and for encouraging the Arts. Many there doubtless are who upon having the subject brought under their attention will feel inclined to patronise both the home association and some other at a distance of which they approve the plan. That of the London Art Union we give, as under:

1. The Art-Union is composed of Annual Subscribers of One Guinea and upwards.

2 The subscriptions, after paying necessary expenses, are devoted to the purchase of Pictures, Drawings, Enamels, Sculpture, Medals, and other works of art.

3. Every Member, for each guinea subscribed, is entitled to one chance of obtaining at the annual distribution some work of art.

4. The number of works of art which are to constitute the prizes drawn for at the annual distribution, and the respective value of such prizes, are determined by the Committee according to the state of the funds at the closing of the subscription books of the year.

5. The holder of a prize is entitled to select for himself, under regulations herewith published, a work of art from any of the following public exhibitions in London, of the current year; viz., *The Royal Academy, The British Institution, The Society of British Artists*, either of the two *Societies of Painters in Water Colours*, or the *Works of Art exhibited in Westminster Hall*. All payments from the funds of the Art-Union must be made by the Treasurer to the Artist direct, the latter giving a receipt of approved form.

In addition to the equal chance annually afforded to each Subscriber of becoming the possessor of a valuable work of art by the result of the allotment, a certain sum is set apart every year to enable the Committee to procure an Engraving, and of this each Member will receive one impression for every guinea subscribed. The impressions will be distributed as soon as the engraving is completed. Subscribers of more than One Guinea may have, for each additional Guinea subscribed, one copy of either of the Engravings, "A River Scene," "Raffaello and the Fornarina," or "The Castle of Ischia," together with a set of Designs in Outline. Subscribers of Five Guineas may receive, if they prefer it, a proof impression in lieu of five prints.

For the convenience of Subscribers residing at a distance, who may not have friends in London to whom to delegate their choice the Committee will select works of art for prizeholders, if requested so to do.

The Subscribers of the Current year ending 31st March, 1846, will receive, for each Guinea paid, an impression of a line Engraving by Mr. P. Lightfoot, from the Picture by Mr. Henry O'Neil, "Jephtha's Daughter," and in addition to this a series of Thirteen Designs in Outline, illustrative of Campbell's "Gertrude of Wyoming," made expressly for the Society by Mr. G. E. Hicks.

There are certain rules laid down with regard to the mode of selection, which it would be needless for us to insert here; these will be given to any enquirer, by the Agent for New York of the Association, John P. Ridner Esq.

## The Drama.

**PARK THEATRE.**—The ballet of "Giselle" continues to be greatly attractive; it is performed four nights in each week, and will certainly outlast the entire present engagement of the fascinating *Mme. Augusta*; but it is a most laborious task on her *physique*, and we can but hope that at least she receives a liberal pecuniary reward.

The off nights, as it is customary to call such as are not considered the great feature nights, are of admirable quality, and would be more so were it not for the freezing coldness or downright absence of audiences, to witness and applaud them. We were so greatly depressed on this score last week that we could not prevail on ourselves to witness the degrading scene of a three-fourths empty house. But on Tuesday evening last the Shakspeare play of Henry IV., part I., was a temptation not to be resisted, particularly as the bills announced an excellent cast of that play. We went, and truly we had our reward in every respect save that of a satisfactory feeling with respect to the Park treasury; for, as a series began, so it seemed to continue. There are none perhaps, familiar with a theatre, or at least with Shakspeare, who are not acquainted with this historical drama, it would be needless therefore to go into the plot, or describe the characters; but fortunately we have ample room for comment on the manner in which the principal parts were acted, and we shall devote a little space to that purpose. The Hotspur of the piece is essentially the hero, and is perhaps the grandest; the Falstaff is the most essentially comic, the Prince of Wales a happy medium between the two extremes, King Henry is a fine representative of a monarch having perfect self possession, noble carriage, conscious authority, and a share of haughty demeanour, and the hostess Quickly is a natural picture of a common-place, vulgar, chattering, gossiping landlady. Every one of these was *well* done, but not one in the very highest style of art, if the peculiarities of which he strictly considered. Mr. G. Vandenhoff was the Hotspur, and it was very evident that his conception and reading of the character was true to the letter; but although he acted the courageous man, and the angry man, he was not the impetuous man intended by Shakspeare; he was somewhat wanting in the irritability, eagerness, and hasty breaking-out of the Percy surnamed *Hotspur*, and although he was not absolutely sedate yet he was not fiery. Nevertheless it was a good and artistic piece of acting, throughout, and there were two instances in which he was eminently excellent. The first of these was one which is too often overlooked in the performance as probably insignificant, but which we consider as felicitous and harmonious, between the gallant soldier in the field, and the kind domestic husband in the baronial hall. It was the beautiful and touching scene of happiness with his wife, and the tender yet chaste dalliance which then takes place, exhibiting his tender regard for the Lady Percy without however permitting her to interfere in the troubled action of the time. The expression of love in Hotspur's countenance, the play of his wit, the mixed nature of the dialogue, consisting of his affection for her, and his anxiety about the preparation for hostilities, were well blended, and were applauded as they deserved to be. The other was the mortal strife between him and the Prince of Wales; the manner of his losing the grasp of his sword, the easy but natural fall to the earth, the impressive dying speech, which was neither a whine nor a rant but shewing out the strong love of military fame and regret at losing it by the hands of one whom he did not esteem, made this also a very fine scene. Before we dismiss this character we shall remark on his opening speech an alteration, which we met with in an old edition of Shakspeare many years ago, which would, we think, improve the present received text, as spoken by Mr. G. Vandenhoff. The lines as now generally delivered are as follows:—

"I then, all smarting with my wounds being cold,  
To be so pestered with a popinjay,  
Out of my grief and my impatience  
Answered, neglectingly, I know not what,—  
He should, or should not—for he made me mad."

The edition to which we have alluded makes the text to run thus,—

"I then, all smarting with my wounds, being *galled*,"

and we think that the latter is more expressive, more forcible, more in character, and is a better constructed passage.

Mr. Bass was the Falstaff: he appears to be of opinion with the late John Kemble, that with all the humour, all the licentiousness, all the *grosserie*, all the cowardice of the character, Falstaff is not a low buffoon but a gentleman in is general bearing. Thus in Mr. Bass' hands the Falstaff is not so utterly contemptible as in the acting of most others, and justifies the remark of the Prince of Wales, that he "could have better spared a better man." The face of this actor is the most mobile in expression of any that we ever remember, and causes us to believe what has often been asserted of Garrick, that "he could comedy on the one side of his face, and tragedy on the other, simultaneously;" the "Falstaff" humour comes racily, not vulgarly, from his manner and delivery; but in our opinion he was too uniformly slow and sententious in his speaking; he is very correct in his text, and his action is natural to the character; if he could correct the style of his declamation—for that is the right word—we venture to think he would be the best Falstaff on the stage.

Mr. Barrett was a very creditable Prince of Wales; but the joyous, frolicsome part of the character sat upon him too stiffly, and his smiles and laughter did not sit loosely and easily upon him, they seemed as if forced for the occasion. In the remonstrance scene with King Henry, his head was dropped like that of one depressed with consciousness of guilt and meanness instead of the regret for over-vivacity; but except these, the general action was sufficiently commendable. Mr. Barry played King Henry IV with force and propriety, and with but little of that over-declaration for which he has been sometimes censured. Mrs. Vernon was, as ever, quite at home in her part of Dame Quick-

ly, but Mr. Bland could not make a point out of Poin. But there was an actor, of whom we do not frequently hear any remarks, who greatly surprised and pleased us in a comparatively inferior character; this was Mr. De Walden as Sir Walter Blunt. In the court scene he was inclined to "overstep the modesty of nature" and to be a little grand in his declamation in answer to Hotspur, but in all the rest he acted and spoke with great propriety and effect. The play was nearly ruined in the outset, by the representative of the Earl of Westmoreland, who came to a dead stand-still at the very first lines of his part.

On Thursday night "The Road to Ruin" was performed, with Bass, and G. Vandenhoff as the Old and the Young Dornton.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—We observed last week that a new burlesque called "The Lady of the Lions" had been brought out here. The title is not applicable to the piece, for there is not anything connected with Lions, either literally or metaphorically, in any part of it; and it is less of a burlesque than of a paraphrase. The writer seems to have taken too wide a scope at first, for after dwelling too closely on the first two acts of the comedy, he is obliged to handle the remainder "in short order." It is not without merit, however, and will hold its course for some time. The other piece which we mentioned before, is "Seeing Holland." This is an adaptation of a pretty English trifle called "Seeing (W)right," and in either case means seeing the peculiar comic qualities of each actor of the name introduced in the title; a right clever and laughable thing it is, and will *Stock* as long as Holland shall play on the stage. A drama far superior to these and such things, has been brought out here, which promises to be singularly popular and to have an established favour with the public; it is called "Violet," and is a domestic story of pathos, yet, somewhat, though not extravagantly, romantic. In short, it is worth the telling. Martin Andre (Mitchell) is a working jeweller, in the employment of Trinquet (Nickinson) the court jeweller; Andre dearly loves his little Blanche (Miss Roberts) and Blanchette, (Miss Clarke) and would work his fingers to the bones in order to add to their comforts and happiness. He is, in fact, an honest, cheerful, open-hearted, and free-spoken fellow, and being altogether guileless himself, has no sympathy with mystery, or secrecy. Alas, each of the poor girls has secretly a lover in worldly circumstances and position very different from themselves, Blanche's lover is Armand (Fenno) son of Trinquet, old Andrew's master, and that of Blanchette is a certain Duke who is not one of the *dramatis personæ*. The duke has declared his passion and his rank to Blanchette, who frankly asked him if he were able to offer her his hand, to which question he has answered in the negative: she has thanked him for his candour, advised him to marry, and abstain from seeing her, and her frank and noble conduct still farther binds him towards her, though he ceases to pester her with addresses which he knows will but distress her, without giving any hopes to him. On the other hand, Armand has almost prevailed on Blanche to elope with him, knowing that the avarice of Trinquet and the independent feeling of Andre would forbid their union. Accident brings each of the young girls acquainted with the other's secret, and the noble hearted Blanchette contrives to extricate Blanche from the dangerous temptation before her, without compromising poor Blanche herself. Poor Andre having had the misfortune to lose a piece of jewellery of the value of a thousand francs, has to work that value out, by a deduction of a third of his wages, and at this time has paid off about a third of the debt; a letter is received by him from an unknown hand, containing a draft for a thousand dollars: he brings it home rejoicing, and promises the children a holiday next day at the fête at St. Cloud; but when Blanchette sees the writing she recognises the hand and secretly resolves to return it—being from the Duke. Armand brings a set of Jewels to Andre upon which he must go to work immediately, as they are for a bridal present, and the Marchioness D'Orville (Mrs. Deering) aunt of the bridegroom coming to speak to Andre thereon, casually sees the two girls, and is struck with the countenance of Blanchette. A great secret now transpires; they are not both the children of Andre. This honest man's wife continued after her marriage to be the trusty attendant of a niece of the Marchioness, and travelled with her to some distance. Her husband at length heard that the lady and her husband were both dead, leaving a daughter, and that Andre's wife, who had also borne a daughter, was returning to Paris with both the children. As she did not arrive on the expected day, Andre went a few leagues on the road to meet her, and discovers that his wife had been put to death by Cossack troops. He found the children, however, and brought them back, treating them as his own, and although ignorant which of the two was really so. Now ensues a difficulty, he cannot restore the real high-born girl, for he has no means of identifying her; this at length is ascertained by an old letter, which states that the infant had a peculiar mark, that of a violet, near the heart. Blanchette is the noble, she marries the Duke, a fortune is given to Blanche, who is married to Armand, and all ends happily.

The acting of Mr. Mitchell is beyond all praise, it is a happy mixture of cheerfulness and pathos, and we think is superior to any previous representation by him. In short, the whole performance evidences a degree of talent in this establishment, which many a theatre of higher pretensions might envy. This must have an immense run.

### Literary Notices.

STORIES FROM THE ITALIAN POETS.—By Leigh Hunt.—New York: Wiley & Putnam.—This publication, which is comprised in three parts of the Series called "Books which are Books," will meet with a welcome reception among the reading portion of society. It is from the pen of one whose literary taste is beyond dispute, and who has long been known as familiar with the writers of the Middle Ages, particularly those of Italy. The poets on whose works Mr. Hunt touches in the book before us, are Dante, Alighieri, Pulci, Bojardo,

Ariosto, and Tasso; of each of these he has written a brief summary biography, and added critical notices of each author's genius. It is true we have not full and complete translations of each poet's works, but we have a prose summary of each great poem, with accounts of the principal episodes, drawn out of the general scope, and tending to render those poems better understood; and there are also versifications of particular passages, comments on the poems themselves, and other matters tending to create or to improve the taste for the Epics of those times. To the mere English reader these "Stories" will be a valuable acquisition, and even the scholar will find many points of enlightenment as he proceeds. In short, this work may with truth be considered as an index and guide to the perusal of the celebrated "Visions," the "Morgante Maggeore," the "Orlando Innamorato," the "Orlando Furioso," and the "Jerusalem Delivered."

THE HISTORY OF JOHN MARTEN: Harper & Brothers.—This work is by Mrs. Sherwood, and is a sequel to the "Life of Henry Marten." The writer shows some of the temptations and trials to which young ministers are frequently subjected; and in doing so takes the opportunity of placing before her readers a fine lesson in morals. This work cannot but be acceptable to the public, and should meet with a wide circulation. It is got up in the usual good style of Harper's publications.

FORECASTLE TOM: Harper & Brothers.—This little work is chiefly intended for children, but we can safely say that those more advanced in age may receive instruction from it. It is very neatly got up, and is from the popular pen of Mrs. Dana.

THE STEP-MOTHER.—Part I.—By G. P. R. James.—New York: Harper & Brothers.—Mr. James must have discovered the means of planting romance and novel seed, for they spring forth almost in myriads, and these too not of the stunted kind, but of a noble growth and with wide-spreading branches; the specimen before us is proof of this, for we have hardly lain down the pen after noticing a goodly production of the author, ere we are called upon to announce another "The Step-mother" of which this Part I, is equivalent in quantity to an English 3 vols 12 mo. Mr. James in fact must be not only a good *raconteur* but also a fertile *improvisateur*; and we can imagine him rattling off story after story which his amanuenses pick up as they fall from his mouth, and forthwith transfer them to the publisher. The present is not historical, but pure fiction; we have not yet had leisure to examine its merits, but have no doubt that it is of a very readably quality, as are all that he publishes.

JOHN'S ALIVE, OR THE BRIDE OF A GHOST.—New York: Taylor, Wilde, & Co.—A pleasant and comic story by the author of "Major Jones's Courtship" &c.

THE THREE GUARDSMEN.—Translated from the French of Alexander Dumas.—New York: Taylor, Wilde, & Co.—This is a popular story, written with much spirit, containing a constant succession of adventures, and describing many correct practical views of men and manners. It is translated in a faithful and vivacious style by Park Benjamin, Esq., but we wish it had been put forth in a better dress and with a little more regard to the eyes of its readers.

LOVE'S SACRIFICE.—A Comedy in five Acts.—By George Lovell.—New York: Taylor, Wilde, & Co.—Good comedies are not written every day, but this is one of the few that will bear to be read either before or after witnessing its representation upon the stage. The edition of it, now before us, constitutes a portion of "The Acted Drama" of which we have already had frequent occasion to speak.

REPUBLICAN OF THE LONDON "LANCET."—Vol. III. No. 2.—It is sufficient to announce the appearance of this; its excellent character is well known throughout the world.

FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW, FOR JANUARY 1846.—New York: Leonard Scott & Co.—We have always had a regard for the "Foreign Quarterly" from the notion that it has rigorously endeavoured to be independent and candid in its censures. Its conductors and contributors have at least brought a large stock of intelligence and scholarship to its aid, and the work has no connexion with the blue and yellow whiggism of the Edinburgh, nor the plain drab of the London "Quarterly." It stands apart, by dwelling only on works published abroad, as respects England, and it deals out its criticism with a bold though not with a rude hand. The number before us is a rich one, and well deserves an attentive perusal and consideration.

TREASURY OF HISTORY COMPLETE.—A double Number, and the last, of this valuable standard publication, is now issued. It closes with a history of the United States, bringing events down to the present time. This fills a chasm in the literature of the day which has long been regarded with surprise. We hope to see a frequent *Retrospect of History* obtain, which should, indeed, be found in the hands of every citizen who cares to consider for a moment the course of this great and growing nation. No. 12 contains nearly 200 pages of original American matter—including a record of every principal transaction of a national character as late as the commencement of 1846. Appended to the general history, is a separate history of each of the states and territories, as far down as Texas and Oregon. Concerning this last, the American editor has been premature in his conclusions, and at least it is not in the best taste to write as he does whilst the matter is yet one of incertitude. A sketch of California is also given. The government, governors' names and salaries, laws relative to suffrage, &c., &c., in each of the thirty branches of the Union are succinctly stated. Tables exhibiting the comparative condition of the European states, with the South American republics, Brazilian empire, etc., are included. Published and for sale, 25 cts. per No., by Daniel Adee, 107 Fulton street, New-York.



Dr Alexander, bishop of Jerusalem, died on the 23d inst. near Balbeis, a village on the confines of Egypt, on his way across the desert from Syria to Cairo. His lordship was accompanied by his lady and eldest daughter; and intended, after visiting Cairo, to proceed to England. It is supposed his disease was ossification of the heart, which had been latent for some years, but was revived, probably from the fatigue of travelling on camels.

The King of Prussia has just bought the wine vase and the cup with which Luther used to administer the sacrament. They are of silver, gilded in the inside. The cup resembles an ordinary goblet, but is more oval than round. The vase has the form of a jug, and is of admirable workmanship; it is covered with subjects representing the passion of the Saviour.

The museum of Belfast is about to become the depository of an interesting relic of the eighteenth Egyptian dynasty. Sir James Emerson Tennent has brought down from Thebes the hand of the colossal statue of Amenope II. (born c. 1550), which travellers used to remark at the south west pylon of the grand temple at Karnak. The four fingers are two feet five inches across, which would correspond with a full-length figure of 56 feet. The pasha has permitted its exportation, and it is intended as a present to the town of Belfast by their late representative.

Mr. Spencer Hall, in a letter to the *Standard*, claims for mesmeric science the honour of the victory the *Times* has obtained in revealing the decision of the privy council on the corn law question. He says the *Times* has staked its credit on the revelation of a clairvoyant.

**The Trapper's Life.**—The following pleasing incident occurred in the party of Gov. Butler, head Indian Agent in the South-west, while passing over the country from Arkansas to Texas. It is one of the many interesting reminiscences of Prairie and Indian life of an Artist, now among us.

Sloat was one of the oldest trappers, and had for many years followed their shiftless life. He was born on the Mohawk river in New York, but his roving nature soon carried him West. Among his accoutrements was, what he called his *possible-sack*—a long bag, made of skins, closed at both ends, with a slit in the middle, so that it could be used on a horse, or slung over the arm.

"What will you take for that sack, Sloat? I want to buy it of you because it is curious, and also, to have something to remember you by," said Butler to him, one day.

"Well, Governor, you can have it—it's worth about a dollar and a half, I reckon; but you can't have what's in it—only the outside of it."

The Governor assented to the terms, and the trapper, taking a position, proceeded to empty out the contents of the sack upon the ground. There emerged an old awl, a broken knife, two or three thongs of Buffalo skin, and a few sinews.

"There," said the owner, looking down on them, and speaking half seriously, half comic—"there are the proceeds of thirty years' labor!"

Here was indeed, a summary of the life of these wanderers.

"Sloat," said Butler, after a silence of a moment, "you have seen a good deal of country in your life—you've been on the Upper Mississippi and Missouri, in Oregon, and down to Texas—where, now, of all places, would you rather fix yourself, if you were to settle down to live?"

The trapper did not hesitate a moment, but with much feeling replied, "Oh, Governor—of all the world, on the banks of the Old Mohawk!"

Cincinnati Evening Journal.

#### THE INMAN EXHIBITION.

AT A MEETING of the General Committee for carrying into effect the exhibition of the works of HENRY INMAN, held at the Rooms of the Art Union, on the evening of Monday, February 9th, 1846, it was, after some forcible and eloquent remarks by Hugh Maxwell, Esq., and Professor Mapes, among other things

Resolved, That the thanks of this Committee be tendered to the Art Union and to persons who have loaned and offered the works of Mr. Inman for this Exhibition.

Resolved, That the present Executive Committee be continued in office during the continuance of the exhibition, and that the thanks of this body be tendered to the said Committee for their efforts.

Editors of City papers will confer a favor upon the Committee by publishing these resolutions once, and by giving the accompanying advertisement place for such time as their columns will allow.

GEO. BUCKHAM, Secretary.

THOMAS S. CUMMINGS, Chairman.

#### THE "INMAN GALLERY"

The Inman Gallery is now open at the Art Union Rooms, No. 322 Broadway, and the Exhibition will continue during four weeks.

Tickets are now ready and may be obtained of the Treasurer, R. B. FOSDICK, No. 352 Broadway, and at the Art Union Gallery, 322 Broadway, or of any member of the Committee.

Season Tickets 50 cents. Single admission 25 cents. Catalogues 12½ cents.

#### ST. DAVID'S DAY.

##### REVIVAL OF ANCIENT CUSTOMS AND HOSPITALITIES.

THE NATIONAL CAMBRIANS of the City of New York, will celebrate the coming Cambrian Anniversary by a Gentlemen's Dinner Party, after the style and manner of the original celebrations by the old-fashioned Welsh of this city, at the MINERVA ROOMS, No. 406 Broadway, on MONDAY EVENING, the 2d day of March, 1846. No pains will be spared by the Stewards and Committees, to render this festival in every respect worthy the patronage of those who may honour it. A magnificent National Banner is now being painted for the occasion, from the design furnished by the Rev. Thomas Price, the Welsh Historian, and Sir Samuel R. Meyrick—and will, with other decorations, adorn the Banquet Room. Numerous invitations have been given to distinguished guests, many of whom will be present to grace the occasion.—Provisions have been made by the Toast and Song Committee, to render their duties satisfactory. Several professional and amateur singers will sing during the evening.

The Hon ROBERT H. MORRIS will preside.

Tickets for the Dinner may be had at the following places:—

St. David's Hall, No. 212 Walker Street.  
Snares, No. 8 Thames Street.  
Minerva Rooms, 406 Broadway.  
Bell Tavern, 185 Canal Street.  
Carnarvon Castle, 14 Oak Street.  
Walton House, 326 Pearl Street.  
Anglo American Office, 4 Barclay Street.  
Old Countryman Office, 142 Nassau Street.

Also with the Committee of Arrangements, and other houses to be hereafter selected.

By order of the National Standing Committee.  
Feb 14-31.] D. L. JONES, Treasurer.

#### PATENT LAP-WELDED IRON BOILER FLUES,

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THE BRANDRETH PILLS.—At the present time, when the counsels of these celebrated Pills are completely concentrated, it is not surprising to find that they endeavour to get off their stock of spurious pills under any name. It is not the first time that the "poor Indian" has had to father the abortions of cunning men.

The remarkable cures which have been effected by Brandreth's Pills, have astonished the whole medical faculty, many of whom have conceded that they are the greatest blessing that ever was given to the world.

The reason these celebrated Pills have such a universal good effect is because their action harmonizes with the human body.

"Purge out the old leaven that you may have a new lump," is the language of Holy writ, a figure applied spiritually, it is true, but how could it have any application unless confirmed by practical experience in the body of matter? The foundation upon which this figure of Scripture rests is as immovable as the laws which govern the tides, or that occasions the thunders of heaven.

##### "THE CONDITION."

The condition upon which God has given health to man is a constant care to keep his stomach and bowels free from all morbid or unhealthy accumulations. The means to effect this must be those remedies which cleanse the bowels and purify the blood.

Good healthful medicine is only a species of food; when the animals whose habits we have the means of observing, are sick, they wander through the fields and make selections of those herbs which open their bowels and purify their fluids, which immediately restore their health.

When a dose of Brandreth's Pills are taken they are digested, and pass to every part of the system; but they leave the body when they have effected the intended purpose, and health and vigor are by them insured.

Mineral medicines may enter the system, but they are with difficulty got out again; and they always occasion pain and misery while they remain in the body.

Whereas Brandreth's Pills are as innocent as a piece of bread, and are evacuated with the disease for which they are taken.

From the time we are born to the time we cease to breathe, our bodies are constantly wasting, as constantly building up. The action of the atmosphere wears or wastes them. The food we eat, the digestive organs converts into blood, which renews or builds up by its circulating power. Thus the human body is healthy when the blood circulates freely, and when any thing prevents its free course through the veins, disease commences.

INSANITY.—All diseases, even insanity and irritability of temper, proceed from depraved or corrupt humors, which, circulating with the blood, occasion pain and discord in the human frame. It is clear, that, by perseverance in the use of Brandreth's Vegetable Universal Pills, which is one of the very best, and only proper purgative medicine, insanity and irritability of temper can be cured, as well as all other diseases depending upon the impurity of the circulating fluid, the blood.

Brandreth's Vegetable Universal Pills are known, by the experience of thousands, to perfectly cleanse the blood from all foulness, remove every morbid affection, and renovate weak and enfeebled constitutions to perfect health and vigor.

Their acknowledged innocence makes them safe through every period of existence, from infancy to old age.

No extra care in either dress or diet is required when they are used.

With this invaluable medicine in our possession, we may visit the most sickly regions without fear. No contagion can by possibility affect us, if we are careful to freely use these Pills.

Remember, Druggists are not permitted to sell my Pills—if you purchase of them you will obtain a counterfeit.

B. BRANDRETH, M.D.

Dr. Brandreth's Principal Office for these celebrated Pills is at 241 Broadway; also, at 274 Bowery, and 241 Hudson Street, New York; Mrs. Booth's, No. 5 Market Street, Brooklyn.

ALEXANDER WATSON, Notary Public and Commissioner of Deeds, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Office No. 77 Nassau Street—House No. 426 Broome Street—Office hours from 9 A.M. to 6 P.M. ⚡ A. W. will take Acknowledgments of Deeds and other instruments in all parts of the City, without any extra charge. [My24-17.

#### PICTORIAL WORKS GREATLY REDUCED IN PRICE.—IMPORTED BY EDMUND BALDWIN, No. 155 BROADWAY.

1. THE PICTORIAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND, being a History of the People as well as a History of the Kingdom, from 55 before Christ to the end of the Reign of George III., in 8 vols., super royal 8vo., cloth., with many hundred wood cuts.—Price \$35.00.

2. THE PICTORIAL BIBLE, being the Old and New Testament, according to the authorized version, with original Notes by John Kitto, and many hundred wood cuts 3 vols., large 8vo., cloth.—\$10.00.

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#### FIRST PREMIUM DAGUERRIAN MINIATURE GALLERY,

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At this Gallery Miniatures are taken which, for beauty of colour, tone, and effect, can at all times recommend themselves; and which are at least equal to any that have been heretofore executed. M. B. BRADY respectfully invites the attention of the citizens of New York, and of strangers visiting the City, to the very fine specimens of DAGUERRETYPE LIKENESSES on exhibition at his Establishment; believing that they will meet the approbation of the intelligent Public. Mr. Brady has recently made considerable improvement in his mode of taking Miniatures, particularly with regard to their durability and colouring, which he thinks cannot be surpassed, and which in all cases are warranted to give satisfaction. The colouring department is in the hands of a competent and practical person, and in which Mr. B. begs to claim superiority.

⚡ The American Institute awarded a First Premium, at the late Fair, to Mr. M. B. BRADY for the most effective Miniatures exhibited.

\*. Instructions carefully given in the Art.—Plates, Cases, Apparatus, &c., supplied.

M. B. BRADY.

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## OPENING OF THE INMAN GALLERY.

A meeting of the friends of the late lamented HENRY INMAN, convened on the evening after his interment, at the residence of Gen. Cummings, it was thought proper, while offering earnest and heartfelt condolence to the afflicted family of the departed, that the occasion should be improved to invite the friends of Art generally to unite in some more substantial token of interest in their welfare.

The paintings of the gifted Inman, now so much enhanced in value by the melancholy fact that he can never add to their number, are liable to be more scattered than ever, by the price which this new appreciation of them will command from persons of wealth and taste in the remotest parts of the Union. And it is thought right that the earliest opportunity should be seized to bring them once together, with the permission of their present owners, in an exhibition, intended as a becoming tribute to the memory of the deceased while enduring to the benefit of his widow and family.

The committee appointed on that occasion, with power to add to their number, from the friends of Art, who would sympathize in such a movement, called a more general meeting, at the Globe Hotel, last evening, when Mr. Thos. S. Cummings being called to the chair, and Mr. George Buckham being appointed secretary, the arrangements for the proposed exhibition of the Inman Gallery were duly reported by a special committee, and the following gentlemen, many of whom communicated their zealous interest in these proceedings, were named as the general committee for carrying them into effect:—

Thos. S. Cummings	A. B. Durand	T. W. Tucker	J. H. L. Labrohe
E. W. Edmonds	R. B. Foadick	G. P. Morris	Geo. W. Taylor
Ab'm M. Cozzens	Ogden Haggerty	Horace Brown	Edw'd Woolsey
Jas. J. Mapes	Wm. B. Crosby	Andrew Warner	J. W. Francis, M.D.
Chas. M. Leupp	H. T. Tuckerman	Jas. McCullough	Gulian C. Verplanck
Wm. C. Bryant	W. P. Jones	John L. O'Sullivan	Anthony J. Bleecker
John Sturges	W. F. Ladd	Lewis G. Clark	Wm. C. H. Waddell
D. Huntington	Wm. T. McCoun	J. Watson Webb	John Ewen
Chas. F. Hoffman	J. A. Shogone	Wm. T. Porter	R. M. Blatchford
Geo. Buckham	Eleanor Farnly	John W. Edmonds	James Phalen
Jas. E. Dekay	E. W. Curtis	C. C. Moore	Hugh Maxwell
Edm'd Simpson	F. J. Betts	Wm. Lawrence	Geo. W. Hatch
J. D. Campbell	M. De Laforest	P. W. Wetmore	R. G. White
Pierre M. Irving	D. Embury	Dr. Bartlett	R. R. Ward
D. C. Golden	Chas. P. Clinch	Wm. S. Conely	Robert H. Morris
W. T. Whittemore	A. D. Paterson	James Harper	T. W. Cumming
Dr. S. L. Griswold	Henry Stebbins	John L. Morton	Chas. Edwards
S. Draper	Chas. A. Clinton	Sam'l. W. Farnly	Francis Hall
W. F. Havemeyer	Robert E. Lauwitz	Chas. A. Davis	W. G. King
Nath'l Pearce	E. G. Ludlow	Chas. McVean	Chas. L. Livingston
Jas. T. Brady	Duncan C. Peil	John L. Stephens	E. H. Ludlow
Jacob Little	Jas. Stewart, M.D.	F. C. Benedict	Col. C. G. Childs
John McKoon	John Nelson, Jr.	M. O. Roberts	J. F. E. Frudhomme
Fredk. L. Vultee	De Witt Bloodgood	— Winthrop	— Hoppin
John P. Kidner	Jas. McMurrie	Alm. Benedict	— Demitt
J. Prescott Hall	Henry Reid	Geo. W. Allen	Benj. H. Jarvis
Chas. A. Stetson	John H. Gourlay		
Wm. P. Hallett	Jas. N. Wells		

The Inman Gallery will open at the Art Union Rooms, No. 322 Broadway, on the 10th day of February next, and the Exhibition will continue during the four following weeks.

All persons owning pictures by the late Henry Inman, and who are willing to loan them for the purpose of this Exhibition, are requested to address a note to that effect to T. S. Cummings, 50 Walker Street.

Tickets are now ready and may be obtained of the Treasurer, R. B. FOSDICK, No. 332 Broadway, and at the Art Union Gallery, 322 Broadway.

Feb. 7. THOMAS S. CUMMINGS, Chairman of Com. GEORGE BUCKHAM, Secretary.

APARTMENTS WITH PARTIAL OR WITH FULL BOARD.—A couple of German or a gentleman and his wife, can be accommodated with Apartments and Board on a specified extent, by applying at No. 137 Hudson Street, (St. John's Park), where every attention will be paid to their comforts, and to render their residence a home. The most satisfactory references will be given and expected.

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A Medical Examiner is in attendance at the office daily, at 12 o'clock noon, and 3 o'clock, P.M. Fee paid by the Society.

[Sept. 6.]

J. LEANDER STARR, General Agent.

## PIANO FORTES.

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[March 23]

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GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES, RETAILED AT WHOLESALE PRICES, BY J. T. WILLISTON, Dealer in Watches, No. 1 Courtlandt Street, Up-stairs, cor. Broadway.—All Watches sold at this establishment, warranted to perform well, or the money refunded. Watches, Clocks, Musical Boxes, and Jewelry, repaired in the best manner at the lowest prices. Arrangements have been made with Mr. Wm. A. Gamble, whose reputation as watch repairer is unsurpassed, having been engaged for nine years in the most celebrated manufactories in Europe, enables him to repair the most complicated work that can be produced.

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Persons going West are invited to call at the office and examine the "Emigrant's Travelling Guide," showing the time, distance, rates of passage, extra baggage, &c., to almost any part of the Union. Parties in the country wishing one of the above Guides, will have the same forwarded, or any information will be cheerfully communicated by addressing, post paid, W. & J. T. TAPSCOTT, South-st., No. 10-11, corner Maiden Lane.

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To be published every Saturday, at Two Dollars a year, in advance.

GEORGE P. MORRIS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

A NUMBER of the most eminent literary persons of this country have proposed to the undersigned to publish, under the above title,

A REFINED AND VALUABLE NEWSPAPER,

upon a plan combining the highest resources of National Talent with the best elements of extensive popularity, and at so trifling an annual cost as will place it within the convenient reach of all classes of society.

The control and management of this publication will form the exclusive and undivided attention of the Editor—whose long experience, ample facilities and practised care, will be exerted to select, unite and harmonise the various skill which is willing to seek development under his direction. The

## SCOPE, DESIGN AND CHARACTER OF THIS PAPER

will differ from those of any journals heretofore established, while it will comprehend all that they contain of importance to the community. The contents will be fitted to engage the attention of the man of business, and be a source of elegant instruction and entertainment to the

## DOMESTIC FIRESIDE AND FAMILY CIRCLE.

The leading characteristics of this paper will be as follows:

1.—Early and Copious Intelligence of all interesting occurrences in Literature, Society and Art, both at home and abroad.

2.—A Foreign Correspondence of tried popularity and acknowledged merit has been engaged, and will be commenced with the first number.

3.—Productions in fiction, romance and historical narrative; Sketches of the taste and manners of the time; after the manner of the Tatler and Spectator, on subjects connected with social interests; biographical notices and anecdotes, literary and professional; *bon-mots*, epigrams and elegant trifles of every kind; the rumours of the day, and the comments that float upon the conversation of the hour—materials of this kind will form the ordinary staple of the work.

4.—The department of Criticism will exhibit a discriminating and popular survey of the Literary Productions of the Day. There will be a thorough and careful chronicle of every thing of value accomplished in Painting and Sculpture, and a candid and patriotic estimate of National Productions in comparison with other countries. Such exposition of the character and special excellences of what is exhibited in Music will be constantly given, as may lead to the more intelligent enjoyment of that most imaginative and delicate branch of the Fine Arts.

5.—No original papers will appear, but those of obvious and decided merit: and the selections (which will commonly be from the foreign journals the least known in this country) will be made with the utmost attention and care.

The predominant design of the Editor is to add to the Republic of Letters a Weekly Journal, distinctly and decidedly National in tone and features, and, at the same time, to avoid all connection with mere party politics. THE NATIONAL PRESS will, in brief, combine the striking and novel attractions of the newspaper, with the more abiding interests of the higher class of periodicals. It will be printed in the folio form, on large and superior paper, on a new and clear type, obtained expressly for the purpose; and will be, in its whole arrangement and details, a favourable specimen of the best typographical skill of the country. In addition to these, and as one of its most valuable peculiarities, it will be, in reference to the diversity of talent that will be employed upon it, the cheapest paper in the United States.

TERMS.—Two dollars a year, or three copies for five dollars, invariably in advance.

It will be sent by mail to all parts of the United States, and to the British Provinces, done up in strong wrappers, with the utmost punctuality and despatch.

Postmasters are requested to act as agents, receive subscriptions and make remittances.

The first number will be issued on Saturday, the Fourteenth of February next.

That a probable estimate may be formed of the number of copies that will be required, subscribers would oblige the Editor by sending in their names at as early a period as possible.

Newspaper and periodical agents and newsmen supplied on liberal terms. BURGESS, STRINGER & Co. 222 Broadway, Wholesale Agents.

Subscriptions, orders, remittances, and all communications to be addressed (post paid) to

GEORGE P. MORRIS,

222 Broadway, corner of Ann st, New-York.

With those Editors who copy the above Prospectus, the Editor will be most happy to exchange, and, at all times, as always heretofore, to reciprocate the liberalities and courtesies of the press.

Office of publication, No. 222 Broadway, (corner of Ann st,) New-York, where subscriptions are received.

Jan 17



G. B. CLARKE,  
FASHIONABLE TAILOR,  
No. 132 William Street, 3 doors West of Fulton.

G. B. CLARKE returns thanks for the extensive patronage bestowed on his establishment during the last twelve months, and at the same time would inform the readers of "The Anglo American," that his charges for the best quality of Garments is much below that of other Fashionable Houses located in the most frequented thoroughfares. The style of the work will be similar to that of Boudage, Tryon & Co., with whose establishment G. B. C. was for a long period connected.

GENERAL SCALE OF PRICES.

Fine Cloth Dress Coats from.....	\$16.00 to \$20.00
" " Black Cass Pants (Dress).....	6.00 to 8.50
" " Satin Vests of the very best quality.....	3.50 to 4.50
PRICES FOR MAKING AND TRIMMING.	
Dress Coats.....	\$7.50 to \$9.00
Pants and Vests.....	1.50 to 2.00

John Clarke, formerly of 29 New Bond Street, London.

117 A Specimen Coat always to be seen.

(Mrs. H.)

G. B. CLARKE, 132 William Street.

WELLINGTON HOTEL, TORONTO.

CORNER OF WELLINGTON (LATE MARKET) AND CHURCH STREETS.

THE Subscribers beg to announce that the above Hotel, situate in the centre of business, and adjacent to the Steamboat Landings and Stage Office, has been newly furnished with the utmost regard to the comfort of Families and Travellers. The business will be conducted by Mr. INGLIS, who, for seven years, Superintended the North American Hotel, while occupied by Mr. Wm. Campbell.

The Table will be plentifully supplied with the Substantials and Luxuries of the Season, and the Cellar is stocked with a selection of the choicest WINES and LIQUORS. From their experience, and a strict attention to the comfort and convenience of their Guests, they respectfully solicit a share of public patronage.

Excellent and Extensive Stabling attached to the Hotel.

My 31-tf.

BELL & INGLIS.

TAPSCOTT'S GENERAL EMIGRATION OFFICE,  
SOUTH STREET, CORNER MAIDEN LANE.

ARRANGEMENTS FOR 1845.

PERSONS about sending for their friends in any part of the Old Country are respectfully informed by the Subscribers, that the same system that characterized their house, and gave such unbounded satisfaction the past year, will be continued through the season of 1845.

The great increase in this branch of their business, and to give satisfaction to all parties, necessitates one of the firm to remain in Liverpool to give his personal attention to the same, therefore the departure of every passenger from that place will be superintended by Mr. W. M. TAPSCOTT, and the utmost confidence may be felt that those sent for will have quick despatch and proper care taken by him to see them placed on board ship in as comfortable a manner as possible. Better proof that such will be the case cannot be adduced than the punctual and satisfactory manner in which the business was transacted through the past emigrating season. The ships for which the Subscribers are Agents comprise the

NEW LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

THE ST. GEORGE'S LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS AND THE UNITED LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

Making a ship from Liverpool every five days—the possibility of delay is therefore precluded. The well established character of these Lines renders further comment unnecessary; suffice it therefore to say, that the Subscribers guarantee to give satisfaction to all parties who may send for their friends through them. In all cases where those sent for decline coming out, the full amount of money paid for their passage will be refunded. A free passage to Liverpool from any port in Ireland or Scotland can be secured. Apply or address (post paid),

W & J. T. TAPSCOTT,

South Street cor. Maiden Lane.

Agency in Liverpool—

My 10-tf.

WM. TAPSCOTT, or GEO. RIPPARD & SON, 96 Waterloo Road.

DAGUERREOTYPES

PLUMBE DAGUERRIAN GALLERY & PHOTOGRAPHIC DEPOT, 251 Broadway corner of Murray-street, (over Tenney's Jewelry Store), awarded the Medal for Premiums, and two "highest honors," at the Exhibitions at Boston, New York, and Philadelphia respectively, for the best Pictures and Apparatus ever exhibited.

Price of these superb Photographs reduced to that of ordinary ones at other places so that no one need now sit for an ordinary likeness on the score of economy.—Taken in any weather.

Plumbe's Premium and German Cameras, Instructions, Plates, Cases, &c. &c., for wanted to any desired point, at lower rates than by any other manufactory.

WANTED—Two or three skilful operators. Apply as above.

Mr 29.

DRAFTS ON GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

PERSONS wishing to remit money to their friends in any part of England, Ireland, Scotland, or Wales, can be supplied with drafts payable at sight without discount for any amount from £1 upwards, at the following places, viz.:

IN ENGLAND—The National and Provincial Bank of England; Messrs. J. B. and Co., Exchange and Discount Bank, Liverpool; Messrs. Jas. Bult, Son & Co., London, and branches throughout England and Wales.

IN IRELAND—The National Bank of Ireland, and Provincial Bank and branches throughout Ireland.

IN SCOTLAND—The Eastern Bank of Scotland, National Bank of Scotland, Greenock Banking Company, and branches throughout Scotland.

My 10-tf.

W & J. T. TAPSCOTT, South-st., cor. Maiden Lane.

JOHN HERDMAN & CO'S OLD ESTABLISHED UNITED STATES,  
GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND EMIGRANT OFFICE,

61 South Street, New York.

HERDMAN, KEENAN & CO., Liverpool.

PASSAGE to and from Great Britain and Ireland by the regular Liverpool packets, sailing every five days. The subscribers in calling the attention of old countrymen and the public generally, to their unequalled arrangements for bringing out persons here by their friends, beg to state, that after this year the business of the house at Liverpool will be conducted by its branch, under the name of Herdman, Keenan & Co. Those sending for their friends through this establishment, will at once see the great importance of having a branch of the house in Liverpool, as it will preclude all unnecessary delay of the emigrant. The ships employed in this line are well known to be of the first and largest class, and very fast sailers, commanded by kind and experienced men; and as they sail every five days from Liverpool, offers every facility that can be furnished. With such superior arrangements, the subscribers look forward for a continuation of that patronage which has been so liberally extended to them for so many years past, and in case of any of them engaged do not embark, the passage money will be refunded as customary.

The steamboat passage from the various ports to Liverpool, can also be secured, if required.

Drafts and Bills of Exchange.—Those remitting money to their friends may rely it will be done satisfactorily by their remitting the amount they wish sent, at the rate of \$5 per pound sterling, with the name and address of the person for whom it is intended. A draft will then be forwarded per first packet, ship, or steamer, and a receipt for same returned by mail. Drafts are made payable at the following Banking Institutions on demand, without any charge, viz.:

In England, Messrs. James Bult, Son & Co. Bankers, London; Messrs. J. B. and Co., Exchange and Discount Bank, Liverpool; National Provincial Bank of England and Branches throughout England and Wales; Yorkshire District Bank and Branches, Birmingham Banking Company, Lancaster Banking Company.

In Ireland—National Bank of Ireland, and Provincial Bank of Ireland, and their branches in all the principal towns throughout the country.

In Scotland, Greenock Banking Company; in Glasgow and Greenock, Eastern Bank of Scotland and Branches.

For further particulars, apply, if by letter, post-paid, to

JOHN HERDMAN & CO., 61 South-st., N. York.

HERDMAN, KEENAN & CO., Liverpool.

N.B.—First class ships are despatched from New York to New Orleans, Mobile, Charleston, and Savannah, during the fall of each year, by which freight and passengers are taken at the lowest rates. We will also be prepared to forward passengers and their baggage, on arrival from Europe, to all parts of the interior, by the different canal and railroad routes, at the lowest rates.

Nov. 8-tf.

THOMAS S. CUMMINGS,  
MINIATURE PAINTER.

THOMAS CUMMINGS, JR.,  
ARTIST AND PORTRAIT PAINTER.

Rooms No. 50 Walker Street.

[dec. 6-ly.

FLOWERS, BOUQUETS, &c.

WILLIAM LAIRD, Florist, 17th Street, 4th Avenue, (Union Square), N.Y., has always on hand, and for sale at moderate prices, Greenhouse plants of all the most esteemed species and varieties; also, hardy Herbaceous Plants, Shrubs, Grape vines, &c. Orders for Fruit and Ornamental Trees, supplied at the lowest rates. Bouquets of choice flowers tastefully put up at all seasons.

N.B.—Experienced Gardeners to lay out and keep in order gardens, prune Grape, &c. Gentlemen supplied with experienced Gardeners, and Gardeners of character with places.

Ap. 20 tf.

ROULSTONE'S RIDING SCHOOL,

No 137 AND 139 MERCER STREET, NEW YORK.

MR. ROULSTONE has the honour of informing the Public and the Patrons of the Establishment, that the School is now open Day and Evening for Equestrian tuition and Exercise Riding.

Since the close of last Season the School has undergone thorough repair, and is brilliantly lighted with gas.

The School for Ladies is open daily (Sundays excepted) from 9 A.M. to 2 P.M. For Gentlemen from April 1st to Oct. 31st from 6 to 8 o'clock A.M., and from Nov. 1st to March 31st from 7 to 10 P.M.

No Gentlemen admitted during the hours appropriated to Ladies.

Gentlemen keeping their horses in this establishment, will have the privilege of riding them in the school gratis.

For terms apply at the School, 137 Mercer Street, between Houston and Prince Street.

Nv 15-3m.

DISBROW'S RIDING SCHOOL, 408 BOWERY,  
NEAR ASTOR AND LA FAYETTE PLACE, NEW YORK

MR. DISBROW has the honour to announce that his School is open Day and Evening, for Equestrian Tuition and exercise Riding.

TERMS:

LECTURE LESSONS.		EXERCISE RIDING.	
16 Lessons.....	\$15 00	1 Month.....	\$12 00
10 do.....	10 00	20 Rides.....	10 00
4 do.....	5 00	10 do.....	6 00
Single Lessons.....	2 00	Single Rides.....	75
Road do.....	2 50		

N. B.—Highly trained and quiet Horses, for the Road or Parade, to let.

EVENING CLASS.

12 Lessons.....	\$9 00	20 Rides.....	\$10 00
Single ".....	1 00	Single Rides.....	0 75

RULES.

- 1—All Lessons or Rides paid for on commencing.
  - 2—One hour allowed on each Lesson or Ride in School.
  - 3—One hour and a half to a Lesson on the Road.
  - 4—Hours for Ladies, from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M.
  - 5—Hours for Gentlemen, from 3 to 5, and from 7 to 9 P. M.
  - 6—No Gentlemen admitted during the hours appropriated to Ladies.
  - 7—Only 3 months allowed for a Course of Lessons or Rides.
- N. B.—The School has been refitted and furnished with Stoves. Ladies in delicate health need be under no apprehension of taking cold.

A card of address is requested previous to commencing.

Nov. 15-3m.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

GENTLEMEN or Families going to Europe or elsewhere, who would disencumber themselves of their superfluous effects such as WEARING APPAREL, either Ladies or Gentlemen's, JEWELRY, FIRE ARMS, &c. &c., by sending for the Subscriber, will obtain a liberal and fair price for the same.

H. LEVETT.

Office No. 2 Wall-street, N.Y.

Families and gentlemen attended at their residence by appointment.

All orders left at the Subscriber's Office, or sent through the Post Office, will be punctually attended to.

My 24-ly.

CHURCH.—PARLOUR AND CHURCH BARREL ORGANS.

THE subscriber continues to manufacture Organs in the most superior manner, and upon liberal terms.

Also, those most useful Instruments—Church Barrel Organs—of which he was the first to introduce into this country—and for country Churches where Organists cannot be procured, they are invaluable.

He has been awarded the first Premiums, Viz. Gold and Silver Medals, for the best Organs, for the last six successive years, at the great Fair of the American Institute, of this city.

GEORGE JARDINE, Organ Builder,

Aug. 23.—6m.

83 Anthony St. New York.

NEW ORGAN.

MR. GEORGE JARDINE, of this city, having lately erected an Organ in the Prot. Reformed Dutch Church in Franklin St., the subscribers cannot refrain from expressing in the present form, their unqualified approbation of the Instrument, with which they have been furnished from his manufactory.

They also feel it to be due to that gentleman, to bear their decided testimony in favour of his character and conduct, as developed in their recent business transactions with him.

A person so liberal in his terms, and true to his engagements, so honourable in his dealings and courteous in his manners, can not fail (in their opinion) to commend himself to the confidence of the Religious community, as an Organ Builder; and to secure for himself a large share of public patronage in the line of his profession.

New York, July 14, 1845.

Signed by Jas. B. Hardenberg, Pastor of the Church. Ben. Wood, John Barringer, D. T. Blauvelt, Theo. Brett, Matthew Duff, Henry Esler, Leon'd. Bleeker, Stephen Williamson, Harman Blanwett, members of the consistory.

C. N. B. Ostrander, Levi Apgar, Peter Vannest, Organ Committee.

Aug. 23.—6m.

J. BYRNE'S CHEAP CASH TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT,

CORNER OF FULTON AND GOLD STREETS.

Would respectfully call the attention of the public to his following low list of prices:—

Fine Dress and Frock Coats.....	\$12.00
Making and Trimming.....	5.00 to 8.00
Cassimere Pants.....	4.00 to 8.00
Making and Trimming.....	1.50 to 2.00
Vests.....	3.00 to 5.00
Making and Trimming.....	1.50 to 2.00

The proprietor feels assured that for style and workmanship, he cannot be surpassed by any house in the city.

Gentlemen are requested to call and examine for themselves before purchasing elsewhere.

Aug. 30-tf.

**JOSEPH GILLOTT'S CROTON PEN**—A new article, which for elasticity and efficacy of point, surpasses any pen hitherto made by Mr. GilloTT. It possesses a greater degree of strength than other fine pointed pens, thus making of a more durable character.

The style in which these Pens are put up will prove attractive in all sections of this country, each card having a beautifully engraved view of the following points of the Great Croton Aqueduct.

The Dam at Croton River.  
" Aqueduct Bridge at Sing Sing.  
" " Harlem River.  
View of the Jet at " "  
Fountain in the Park, New York.  
" in Union Park, "

The low price at which these Pens are offered, combined with the quality and style must render them the most popular of any offered to the American public.

**JOSEPH GILLOTT'S AMERICAN PEN**—An entirely new article of Barrel Pen, combining strength with considerable elasticity, for sale to the trade by  
June 8. HENRY JESSOP, 91 John-st.

#### NEW LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

**T**o sail from NEW YORK on the 26th and from LIVERPOOL on the 11th of each month:—

FROM NEW YORK.	FROM LIVERPOOL.
SHERIDAN, Capt. F. A. Depeyster, 26 Sept.	SHERIDAN, Capt. Depeyster, 11th Nov.
GARRICK, Capt. B. I. H. Trask, 26th Oct.	GARRICK, Capt. B. I. H. Trask, 11th Dec.
ROSCUUS, Capt. Asa Eldridge, 26th Nov.	ROSCUUS, Capt. Asa Eldridge, 11th Jan.
SIDDOUS, Capt. E. B. Cobb, 26th Dec.	SIDDOUS, Capt. E. B. Cobb, 11th Feb.

These ships are all of the first class, upwards of 1100 tons, built in the city of New York, with such improvements as combine great speed with unusual comfort for passengers.

Every care has been taken in the arrangement of their accommodations. The price of passage hence is \$100, for which ample stores will be provided. These ships are commanded by experienced masters, who will make every exertion to give general satisfaction.

Neither the Captains or owners of the ships will be responsible for any letters, parcels or packages sent by them, unless regular bills of lading are signed therefor. For freight or passage, apply to

E. K. COLLINS & Co., 36 South-st., N.Y., or to

BROWN, SMILEY & Co., Liverpool.

Letters by the Packets will be charged 12 cents per single sheet, 30 cents per ounce, and newspapers 1 cent each.

Messrs. E. K. Collins & Co. respectfully request the Publishers of Newspapers to discontinue all advertisements not in their names of their Liverpool Packets, viz:—the Roscius, Siddons, Sheridan and Garrick. To prevent disappointments, notice is hereby given, that contracts for passengers can only be made with them. My24-1f.

#### NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

**S**AILING FROM NEW YORK on the 11th, and from LIVERPOOL on the 26th of every month:—

Ships.	Captains.	FROM NEW YORK.	FROM LIVERPOOL.
WATERLOO.	W. B. Allen.	Nov. 11, Mar. 11, July 11	Dec. 26, Apr. 26, Aug. 26.
JOHN R. SKIDDY.	Wm. Skiddy.	Dec. 11, April 11, Aug. 11	Jan. 26, May 26, Sept. 26.
STEPHEN WHITNEY.	Thompson.	Jan. 11, May 11, Sept. 11	Feb. 26, Jun. 26, Oct. 26.
VIRGINIAN.	C. A. Heirn.	Feb. 11, June 11, Oct. 11	Mar. 26, Jul. 26, Nov. 26.

The qualities and accommodations of the above ships, and the reputation of their commanders, are well known. Every exertion will be made to promote the comfort of passengers and the interests of importers. The owner will not be responsible for any letters, parcels, or packages sent by the above ships, for which a bill of lading is not signed. For freight or passage, apply to ROBERT KERMIT, 76 South-street. My24-1f.

#### NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL LINE OF PACKETS.

**S**AILING FROM New York on the 6th, and from Liverpool on the 21st of each month, excepting that when the day of sailing falls on Sunday the ship will be dispatched on the succeeding day.

Ships.	Captains.	FROM NEW YORK.	FROM LIVERPOOL.
Ashburton.	H. Huttleston.	Jan. 6, May 6, Sept. 6.	Feb. 21, June 21, Oct. 21.
Patrick Henry.	J. C. DeLano.	Feb. 6, June 6, Oct. 6.	Mar. 21, July 21, Nov. 21.
Independence.	F. P. Allen.	Mar. 6, July 6, Nov. 6.	April 21, Aug. 21, Dec. 21.
Henry Clay.	Ezra Nye.	April 6, Aug. 6, Dec. 6.	May 21, Sept. 21, Jan. 21.

These ships are of a very superior character; are not surpassed either in point of elegance and comfort of their cabin accommodations, or for their fast sailing qualities and offer great inducements to shippers, to whom every facility will be granted.

They are commanded by experienced and able men, whose exertions will always be devoted to the promotion of the convenience and comfort of passengers.

The price of passage outward is now fixed at \$100, for which ample stores of every description will be provided, save Wines and Liquors, which can at all times be obtained upon application to the Stewards.

Neither the Captains or Owners of the Ships will be responsible for any Letters, Parcels, or Packages sent by them, unless regular Bills of Lading are signed therefor. For freight or passage, apply to

GRINNELL, MINTURN & Co., 78 South-st., N.Y., or to

CHAPMAN, BOWMAN & Co., Liverpool.

My31-1f.

#### LONDON LINE PACKETS.

TO SAIL ON THE 1ST, 10TH AND 20TH OF EVERY MONTH.

**T**HIS LINE OF PACKETS will hereafter be composed of the following ships, which will succeed each other, in the order in which they are named, sailing punctually from New York and Portsmouth on the 1st, 10th and 20th, and from London on the 7th, 17th and 27th of every month throughout the year, viz:—

Ships.	Captains.	FROM NEW YORK.	FROM PORTSMOUTH.
St. James.	F. R. Meyers.	Jan. 1, May 1, Sept. 1.	1 Feb. 20, June 20, Oct. 20.
Northumberland.	R. H. Gieswold.	10, 10, 10.	10 March 1, July 1, Nov. 1.
Gladiator.	R. L. Baating.	20, 20, 20.	10, 10, 10.
Mediator.	J. M. Chadwick.	Feb. 1, June 1, Oct. 1.	10, 20, 20.
Switzerland.	S. Knight.	10, 10, 10.	10 April 1, Aug. 1, Dec. 1.
Quebec.	F. B. Hebard.	20, 20, 20.	10, 10, 10.
Victoria.	E. E. Morgan.	March 1, July 1, Nov. 1.	20, 20, 20.
Wellington.	D. Chadwick.	10, 10, 10.	10 May 1, Sept. 1, Jan. 1.
Hendrick Hudson.	S. Moore.	20, 20, 20.	10, 10, 10.
Prince Albert.	W. S. Snor.	April 1, Aug. 1, Dec. 1.	10, 20, 20.
Toronto.	E. G. Tinker.	10, 10, 10.	10 June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1.
Westminster.	Hovey.	20, 20, 20.	10, 10, 10.

These ships are all of the first class, and are commanded by able and experienced navigators. Great care will be taken that the beds, wines, stores, &c., are of the best description.

The price of cabin passage is now fixed at \$100 outward for each adult, without wines and liquors. Neither the captains nor the owners of these packets will be responsible for any letters, parcels or packages sent by them, unless regular bills of lading are signed herefor. Apply to

GRINNELL, MINTURN & Co., 78 South-st., or to

JOHN GRISWOLD, 70 South-st.

My21-1f.

#### OLD LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

**T**HE Old Line of Packets for Liverpool will hereafter be despatched in the following order, excepting that when the sailing day falls on Sunday, the ship will sail on the succeeding day, viz:—

Ships.	Masters.	Days of Sailing from New York.	Days of Sailing from Liverpool.
Cambridge.	W. C. Barstow.	June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1	1 July 16, Nov. 16, Mar. 16
England.	S. Bartlett.	June 16, Oct. 16, Feb. 16	1 Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1
Oxford.	J. Rathbone.	July 1, Nov. 1, Mar. 1	1 Aug. 16, Dec. 16, April 16
Montezuma, (new)	A. W. Lowber.	July 16, Nov. 16, Mar. 16	1 Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1
Europe.	A. G. Furber.	Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1	1 Sept. 16, Jan. 16, May 16
New York.	Thos. B. Cropper.	Aug. 16, Dec. 16, April 16	1 Oct. 1, Feb. 1, June 1
Columbus.	G. A. Cole.	Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1	1 Oct. 16, Feb. 16, June 16
Yorkshire, (new)	D. G. Bailey.	Sept. 16, Jan. 16, May 16	1 Nov. 1, Mar. 1, July 1

These ships are not surpassed in point of elegance or comfort in their cabin accommodations, or in their fast sailing qualities, by any vessels in the trade.

The commanders are well known as men of character and experience; and the strictest attention will always be paid to promote the comfort and convenience of passengers. Punctuality as regards the days of sailing, will be observed as heretofore.

The price of passage outward, is now fixed at \$100, for which ample stores of every description will be provided, with the exception of wines and liquors, which will be furnished by the stewards if required.

Neither the captains or the owners of these ships will be responsible for any letters parcels or packages sent by them, unless regular bills of lading are signed therefor.

For freight or passage, apply to

GOODHUE & Co., 64 South-street, or

C. H. MARSHALL, 38 Burling-shp, N. Y.,

#### SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA.

FOR THE REMOVAL AND PERMANENT CURE OF ALL DISEASES ARISING FROM AN IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD, OR HABIT OF THE SYSTEM.

This medicine has in many thousand instances brought health and returning vigor to the weak and languid frame. Its operation extends itself to the remotest transactions of the general system, and consists in removing diseased action in the absorbing and secreting vessels.

The blood contains the elements of the whole animal structure—flesh and fibre, glands, muscles, tendons, the nails, the hair, and even the bones themselves, are all sustained by the blood. Well, then, may it be called the stream of life. In proportion to the purity of fluid will be that of the substance into which it is continually changing. Corrupt blood instead of producing healthy flesh, is likely enough to develop sores and ulcers. When these appear, whether in the specific form of Scrofula, in all its multifarious and disgusting shapes, or eruptions in all their disgusting variety, rheumatism, bilious disorders, general relaxation and debility, and a host of complaints arising from disordered secretions, there is no detergent, it is believed, that will so rapidly neutralize the virus in the blood from which they spring and effect a radical cure, as this preparation.

**FURTHER TESTIMONY.**—The following is an extract from a letter received from Rev. William Galusha:—

BERKSHIRE, Vt., Oct. 22, 1845.

Messrs. Sands:—I have been afflicted with a severe pain in my side, occasioned by a diseased liver, for the last twenty years; suffering at times what language cannot convey, but since taking your Sarsaparilla I have been greatly relieved so much so that I have been able to attend to my business, and preach occasionally for the last fifteen months. I wholly discarded all other medicine, and thoroughly tried the Sarsaparilla, which I can recommend in truth and sincerity to all those who are in any way afflicted with any species of Scrofulous complaints. There have been some remarkable cures effected by its use in this vicinity. Mrs. I. Shaw, by the use of six bottles, was restored to better health than she had before enjoyed for ten years, and Mrs. W. Stevens, who had been severely afflicted with Erysipelas, was entirely cured by the use of a few bottles.—Yours, truly,

REV. WM. GALUSHA.

NEW-YORK, April 22, 1845.

Messrs. A. B. & D. Sands:—Gentlemen: Feeling it a duty due to you and to the community at large, I send you this certificate of the all-healing virtues of your Sarsaparilla, that others who are now suffering may have their confidence established and use your medicine without delay.

I was troubled with a severe ulcer on my ankle, which extended half way up to the knee, discharging very offensive matter, itching, burning, and depriving me often of my rest at night, and very painful to bear.

I was recommended to use your Sarsaparilla by Mr. James McConnell, who had been cured by it, and after using five bottles I was completely cured.

I have delayed sending you this certificate for one year since the cure was effected, in order to ascertain with certainty whether it was a permanent cure, and it now gives me the greatest pleasure to add that I have never seen nor felt the slightest re-appearance of it, and that I am entirely well.—Yours very truly,

SARAH M'INTYRE, 340 Delancy-st., N. York.

For further particulars and conclusive evidence of its superior value and efficacy, see pamphlets, which may be obtained gratis.

Prepared and sold, wholesale and retail, by

A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists, 79 Fulton-st., 273 Broadway, 77 East Broadway, N.Y. Sold also by Druggists generally throughout the United States and Canada. Price \$1 per bottle, six bottles for \$5. John Holland & Co., Montreal; John Musson, Quebec; J. W. Brent, Kingston; S. T. Unquart, Toronto; T. Birkle, Hamilton, Canada; Agents for the Proprietors by special appointment.

The public are respectfully requested to remember that it is Sand's Sarsaparilla that has and is constantly achieving such remarkable cures of the most difficult class of diseases to which the human frame is subject, and ask for Sand's Sarsaparilla, and take care to other.

J119-1f.

#### PARR'S LIFE PILLS.

**READ** the following testimonials in favor of PARR'S LIFE PILLS, which have been selected from hundreds of similar ones on account of their recent dates:—

Extract of a Letter from Mr. Sinclair Tousey, Postmaster of Josiah's Corners, Madison County, N. Y.

November 4th, 1844.

Messrs. Thomas Roberts & Co.—Gentlemen—I am requested to state to you, that Mr. J. W. Sturdevant, of Amsterdam, expresses his great satisfaction at the efficacy of Parr's Life Pills. Also, Mr. J. Fairchild, of Cazenovia in which opinion Mr. A. Bellamy, of Chittenango, also fully accords. Indeed, these Pills have superseded all others in New York state—they are not a brick pill, but "slow and sure," and I have never yet met with an instance where an invalid has persevered in taking them, that has not been cured of the most obstinate and long-standing dyspeptic diseases.

(Signed)

S. TOUSEY.

Messrs. Thomas Roberts & Co.—Gents—Having used Parr's Life Pills on several occasions when attacked by violent bilious complaints, and having been fully satisfied of their efficacy, I beg leave in justice to you, as proprietors of the medicine, to testify much. Yours respectfully,

WM. H. HACKETT

Long Island, Nov. 9, 1844.

New York, Nov. 2, 1844.

Sir—As I have received so much benefit from the use of Parr's Life Pills, I feel it my duty to owe to this community, to make the facts in my case public. I was afflicted for 15 years with dyspepsia and erysipelas. I tried remedy after remedy, but none appeared to afford me any relief. At last I was induced by a friend to try a box of Parr's Life Pills, which I did, and before I had taken two boxes I found great relief. I have since taken three boxes more, and now thank God, I find myself perfectly cured of the erysipelas, and greatly relieved of the dyspepsia. Judging from my own case, I sincerely believe Parr's Life Pills is the best medicine for the above complaints, and likewise as a family medicine, yet offered to the public.—I remain,

Yours respectfully,

ELIZABETH BARNES, No. 19 Sixth Avenue, N.Y.

From our Agent in Philadelphia.

#### ASTONISHING CURE OF LIVER COMPLAINT.

Messrs. T. Roberts & Co.—Gentlemen—Having received the greatest benefit from the use of Parr's Life Pills, I can give you my testimony in their favour without the least hesitation. For the last five years I have been afflicted with the Liver Complaint, and the pains in my side were great, attended with considerable cough, a stopping and mothering in the throat; for three weeks before I used the Pills I was completely reduced, and had become so weak as to be almost unable to walk; and I could not sleep more than two hours of a night, so completely was my system under the influence of my complaint. I have spent over two hundred dollars for medical attendance, and all the different kinds of medicines celebrated for the cure of the Liver Complaint, without having received any permanent relief, and I can say now that since I have been using Parr's Life Pills, I have been in better health than I have experienced for the last five years. I am a stronger, I sleep as good as ever I did, and can walk any distance. Any person who doubts these statements as incorrect, by inquiring of me shall receive more particular information. JOSEPH BARBOUR.

Poplar Lane, above Seventh Street, Spring Garden, Philadelphia.

Sold by the Proprietors, THOMAS ROBERTS & Co., 9 Crane Court, London, and 117 Fulton Street, New York and by all respectable Druggists in the United States. (Mr 15-1f)

#### MASTIC CEMENT.

**M**ESSRS. J. & H. FRANKLAND and THOMAS HARRIS beg to recommend to the attention of all persons interested in buildings, their much approved Mastic, which is the most durable and beautiful composition ever yet invented for covering the exterior of dwelling houses or public buildings, in imitation of marble or stone; no lime or water enters into the composition of the Mastic, which consists of boiled linseed oil, of a thick consistence, which, with the oxides and carbonate of lead, and other ingredients, forms a cement impervious to water, hard as a stone, and of great durability. Specimens may be seen and every information given on application to

Nov. 15-3m. CHAS. H. MOUNTAIN, Architect, 17 Wall-st., N.Y.

N.B.—Mr. C. H. Mountain has at present a vacancy in his office for a youth who has taste for drawing.